

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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No. 3696. Vol. 142.

28 August 1926

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER] 6d

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHEN we wrote last week the owners and miners were about to meet. Since then they have met, and parted, without either side showing the slightest inclination to agree with the other. Meanwhile there has been a considerable "drift back to work" in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire on the offer by the owners of a 7½ hour day and a pre-stoppage wage. Mr. Cook conducted a whirlwind campaign in this area over the week-end in an endeavour to stem the tide, and by free incitement to intimidation seems temporarily to have succeeded. Reinforcements of police have since been drafted into the district and the numbers returning to the pits are again on the increase. But the figures as given in the Press and by the owners' and men's organizations differ so widely that it is not possible to gauge the position with any assurance of accuracy. It seems certain, however, that Mr. Cook is frightened. His executive on Wednesday got into touch with the Minister of Labour and the Secretary of Mines. The miners are obviously anxious for a settlement and realize that they cannot indefinitely prevent the break-away from spreading.

It is said—but as we go to press we have no confirmation of it—that Mr. Cook is seeking settlement now on the terms proposed by Mr. Baldwin in May. It is, to say the least of it, doubtful whether he will get it, though there is no valid reason, save the fatal one of prejudice engendered by his own protracted obstinacy, why he should not. Mr. Baldwin's terms then included: a temporary reduction in minimum wages; a grant of a further subsidy of £3,000,000; owners to forgo all profits for an agreed period to sustain wages; arbitration by an independent chairman of a Wages and Hours Board in the event of disagreement over wages. If the report that the miners' leaders desire agreement on these terms prove to be true it will show again that they now accept the important principle of arbitration, and in our opinion the Government should also accept it. But if the Government do not, the miners will have their leaders to blame for fatal delay.

If Mr. Churchill's speech at Westerham last Saturday may be taken as a criterion of the Government's intentions—and it probably must be—the outlook is none too encouraging. Mr. Churchill said that the two sides ought to come together and work out a settlement with goodwill,

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and that the State ought not to be drawn into an internal industrial dispute in one trade. These words have a familiar ring about them, but what do they amount to? What the prospects of a settlement between the two sides without Government intervention are was shown at the end of last week, when, after fifteen weeks of stoppage, a conference between owners and men broke up almost before it had begun amid mutual recriminations. Besides, the Government already *have* intervened, by passing the Eight Hours Act. And "an internal industrial dispute in one trade"? The coal dispute is ruining almost every trade in the country. As for goodwill between the two parties, if there is no goodwill at the beginning of a dispute, what prospect of it is there at the end? If goodwill existed between the Allies and Germany at the end of the war, proof of it was singularly lacking in the Peace Treaty.

We have been taken to task by a correspondent for our recent criticism of the Government. It is never easy or pleasant for a journal to criticize its own party, but since human nature is fallible, it sometimes happens that such criticism becomes a duty, and it is ridiculous for anyone to conclude that it is "playing the enemy's game" to dare to suggest that there are two sides to a question. Perhaps that word "enemy" is the clue to the misunderstanding. There are some who sincerely regard the miners as the enemies of the country, and these naturally want to see the enemy beaten to their knees. There are others who sincerely believe that the one hope for the future of industry and the prosperity of our country lies in conciliation and goodwill. We belong ourselves to the latter group, and we believe the Prime Minister does, too. If he does not, all his speeches about "peace in our time" can mean nothing. But we know they mean a great deal, and it is precisely because we know this and because we believe him to be right that we have criticized those who are known to be opposed to his views, and who have of late been obviously successful in making their influence felt. It is precisely because we believe his long-view interpretation of Conservative policy to be the only true one that we have indicated the forces working against it, and attempted to help his views to prevail by rallying to his support all who have the best interests of their country at heart. So much do we believe Mr. Baldwin's presence and influence to be essential at the present moment that on Thursday morning, when the miners' leaders got in touch with the Government, we wired him to Aix-les-Bains: "Respectfully suggest your immediate return to London imperative."

Last week, by the conclusion of her treaty with Yugo-Slavia, Greece took an important step towards the pacification of the Balkans. This week a revolution has thrown the whole country in a turmoil. General Pangalos had been hailed as the local Mussolini, and some of his actions certainly seemed to imply that he was following in the footsteps of his Roman model; but unfortunately for himself he had not planted the roots of his power so deeply. Four of his rivals met one evening for a game of bridge and over the card-table evolved a plot which next morning sent the General helter-skelter in a destroyer for the Greek Islands. The destroyer was promptly pursued and

the ex-Dictator was caught and brought back to Athens. The people, and the army, which he had just been boasting was the source of his strength, are now so infuriated against him that his captors have had to send him to the island of Aegina in order to save him from the mob.

His successor, General Condylis, has started the new regime with the invariable announcement affected by the modern dictator. He states that he has only seized the power in order to transfer it to the people and that as soon as possible he will inaugurate once again the rule of democracy. These hackneyed words have issued frequently of late from the mouths of dictators in Portugal and Spain and elsewhere. But the first act of General Condylis certainly gives the impression that he is out of the ordinary run of dictators and means what he says. Pangalos had arranged that the Yugo-Slav Treaty should be ratified simply by legislative decree. Condylis proposes to send it to the Parliament for ratification, which means that instead of the country having to accept the Treaty *en bloc* it will be able to discuss it, clause by clause, and make such amendments as they may think fit. This is certainly an original step for a dictator to take.

A conference of representatives of Minorities in various European States is meeting in Geneva. About sixteen national groups will be represented, the most numerous being the Germans who have minorities in no fewer than ten countries. The tone of the Conference on its opening day was immeasurably better than that adopted by minorities two or three years ago. A Minority Conference of the past has been only too often a gathering place for the discharge of volleys of grievances, real or fancied. Speakers have used tremendous eloquence to prove their wrongs without any suggestion as to how these can be put right except by the forcible re-annexation of their territory to another country. This Conference is strongly emphasizing the necessity for conciliation. The Estonian who is acting as Secretary has explained that their sole intention is to seek the means by which minorities may live peacefully within the States in which they find themselves. No aggressive attitude towards any Government will be permitted. If this spirit can only become universal in the settling of minority disputes, one of the gravest menaces to European peace will have been removed.

The Japanese Government has issued a statement on their emigration policy which may have far-reaching effects on the future of the world. Briefly, the new policy is not to force Japanese emigrants into places where they are not wanted, but to concentrate on colonizing Formosa and the smaller islands that belong to Japan in the Pacific. If Canada, the U.S. and Australia can be convinced by deeds that this policy is not merely a paper policy it might yet happen that the shadow which has lain across the Pacific since the rise of Japan may be lifted. It has been the common prophecy since 1918 that "the next great war will be fought in the Pacific." If this fear can be removed nothing but good can result, not only for the English-speaking races, but also for the future of Japan herself.

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The Canadian Election Campaign has now reached an intensive stage. The Liberals are running the constitutional issue for all it is worth. Lord Byng's action in refusing a dissolution to Mr. King and granting it to Mr. Meighen is put forward as an issue of far graver importance than the Customs' scandals, which they allege have been vastly exaggerated for party purposes. The Conservatives, on the other hand, look upon the constitutional issue as a red-herring designed to distract the electors from the administrative record of the previous Government as shown by the Customs' episode. The fusion between Liberals and Progressives is making headway in a number of districts, the exception to which is Alberta, but the common opinion is that neither Liberals nor Conservatives will gain a majority in the new Parliament and that the balance of power will be held by the Alberta representatives. But which way these representatives will go is a matter that no one cares to predict. Unless the Liberals can gain a clear majority it is assumed that Mr. Meighen will carry on at the beginning of the session.

A Parliamentarian of the old school—though the phrase would have been inapplicable a generation since—disappears with the death of Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill. Mr. MacNeill was for many years one of the most strenuous, if one of the least vociferous, advocates of Irish Nationalism in the House of Commons. Unlike most of his colleagues, however, he had a profound knowledge of, and a considerable attachment to, the English constitution. His knowledge of Parliamentary procedure was seldom at fault, and it is said that Speakers of the House of Commons—if only from the motive of self-regard—were always reluctant to call him to order. He figured in few Parliamentary "scenes," but was by no means averse from a fight when the opportunity arose. A man of unflinching personal courtesy, he combined to a singular degree the caution of the Scotsman with the pugnacity of the Irishman.

It is with a certain reluctance that we refer to the death of the late Rudolph Valentino with the object of pointing a moral. A man is dead: and the death of a film star, no less than that of a philosopher, is (or should be) attended with a certain dignity. In any case, Mr. Valentino can hardly be held responsible for the frenzies of his followers. It is these that compel us to a word of protest. To the vast majority of that excited horde of men and women who surged around the mortuary in New York, Valentino can have been no more than a name. Few, indeed, can have seen him in the flesh: fewer still can have boasted any personal acquaintance with him. The most he can be said to have done for any of them was to have provided them with a few hours of pleasant entertainment. Yet his death is the occasion of an outburst of hysterical mourning which is almost without parallel in our history. The passing of a Nelson, a Wellington, or a Gladstone evoked no such demonstrations. Such a display bodes ill for the future of our civilization. The pen, it has been said, is mightier than the sword, and there was a time when the remark savoured of audacity. To-day, the combined forces of pen and sword are powerless before the all-conquering kinema.

SPAIN AND THE LEAGUE

THE Assembly of the League of Nations meets for its annual session on September 6, and the chief item on its agenda is the admission of Germany. As the date approaches, the intrigues which wrecked the Special Assembly in March are beginning to reappear with increasing intensity. In March the object of the intrigues, almost openly avowed, was to "pack" the Council with a solid anti-German bloc in order to neutralize German influence; of course, it had long been recognized that Germany's admission to the League would be accompanied by the election of Germany to a permanent seat on the Council. Poland, Brazil and Spain were the three States which were to form the pro-Latin bloc. Persia and China were also among the starters, but were left a long way down the course. One by one the claims were whittled down until only Brazil was left, standing adamant. Admission to the Council has to be by unanimous vote. Sweden vetoed Brazil, Brazil in turn vetoed Germany, and the Assembly broke up. The position of Great Britain was unfortunate. The British Press and public opinion were solid in demanding that Germany alone should be given a permanent seat, and that British influence should be thrown against the obviously unfair manoeuvre to pack the Council. But Sir Austen Chamberlain would not tie his hands by giving a pledge that he would oppose the manoeuvre. He went to Geneva giving the impression that he was prepared to judge each application on its merits and to make up his mind accordingly. This might have been an understandable attitude if it had not been for the fact that the Foreign Secretary, who was so indignant at having his hands tied by British public opinion, was already tied by promises to Spain and France. A firm British stand would have suppressed the whole intrigue at the start.

After the fiasco, a Committee investigated the whole question of Council seats, and recommended that the six non-permanent seats should be raised to nine, that they should be held for three years, that no State should be eligible for re-election unless specially so declared by the Assembly, and that the Assembly could terminate the period of office of any Council member by a new election at any time it desired. Brazil then resigned from the Council and from the League; Spain hinted that failure to get a permanent seat would also incur her resignation; Poland seemed willing to accept a "three years seat" if her eligibility for re-election was voted in advance.

Germany has applied for membership again, but as the date for her election grows nearer, the voices of discord are raised anew. The accession to power of M. Poincaré has stiffened the Polish backs, and even the sight of rival generals disputing for the Belvidere Palace in Warsaw does not prevent the Parisian Press from launching another campaign in favour of a permanent seat for Poland. But it is unlikely that Poland will press her claim unless M. Poincaré insists. The position of Spain is different. The semi-permanent seat that might placate the Pole is not enough for the hidalgo; all or nothing is the motto of Castilian pride. So far as the "old" diplomacy is concerned Spain is in an excellent position for bar-

gaining, a position in which Talleyrand or Metternich would have spread themselves. Abdel-Krim has been disposed of, so there is no longer any need of the mighty legions of France. But Tangier is a pleasant spot for planting the Spanish flag, and France might be useful in assisting at the ceremony. Italy is interested in Tangier and Tripoli, France in Tunis, both in Abyssinia: there is scope here for a third party to make something out of it. France and Italy are looking at each other with suspicious eyes. The secret treaty between Spain and Italy is enough to alarm the Quai d'Orsay. France must have her African communications open for transporting her native troops: if Spain and Italy join hands, the communications could be cut. Marshal Foch would not sleep at night if he thought Italian destroyers might operate from the Balearics. What a situation for a Talleyrand! Mussolini has not said a word about the admission of Germany—a very surprising omission for a man of his eloquence. But the Spanish Dictator has made a statement. "Tangier or a Permanent Seat." That is his request.

Now the old diplomacy is one thing, the League of Nations is another. If Spain uses her position to drive hard bargains for her claim to a permanent seat on the League Council she will be proving in the most emphatic and effective manner that she does not understand the spirit of the League and is not qualified for the position she seeks. The League is trying to substitute co-operation for intrigue. A government must have a poor sense of humour which does not see that aptitude for intrigue is no argument for promotion in the ranks of the co-operators.

Great Britain stands to-day where she stood in February. Public opinion has not moved an inch: it discountenances intrigue in the late summer just as severely as in the early spring. A word from Sir Austen Chamberlain will ensure the success of the September Assembly just as certainly as it would have saved the March Assembly. But the word must be spoken, and spoken promptly and firmly. The Foreign Secretary can count on the support of the people and the Press if he takes a bold stand in the open against the granting of a permanent seat on the Council to any State except Germany. And we think he would be surprised at the support he would get from the world. In March Sweden saved the League and was deluged with congratulations from foreign countries. It is Britain's turn to take the burden from Sweden's shoulders.

A failure in September will not mean the disruption of the League, but it will mean a very serious diminution of the League's prestige for many years. Germany will certainly not apply a third time in the near future, and Locarno will lapse. Then where will be M. Briand and his triumph? Where will be Sir Austen and his Garter? If the worse comes to the worst and Spain persists in her claim—if, in fact, the League must choose between Spain and Germany—then it must choose Germany. The League will be sorry to lose Spain, but in the long run the loss will be Spain's more than Europe's. But a timely word from Sir Austen Chamberlain may allow Spain to recognize now that her candidature is hopeless, and so save the League from the necessity of making a painful choice.

MR. WELLS AND THE NOVELIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF all the inconveniences attendant on the novelist's career, perhaps none can be more annoying than the repeated accusation of having drawn his characters, and drawn them unfairly, from his friends. George Meredith, it is said, was pestered by indignant persons who imagined that they had unconsciously and unwillingly sat for him when he was portraying Sir Willoughby Patterne, and to all of these his reply was, "Sir Willoughby is neither you, nor I, nor any third person: he is all of us."

This accusation has been made against Mr. H. G. Wells even more persistently than against Meredith, and to the first volume of his new novel, which is to be published next week, he has prefixed an explanation and defence of his practice in this regard. This note, which has already been made public, is of great interest both in connexion with Mr. Wells's own work and in connexion with the general question which it raises. Let it be premised that, while the endeavour to find an original for every character in fiction becomes a mere futility, there is hardly any novelist who has not introduced into his work several more or less identifiable portraits of real individuals. Mr. Wells, so far as we can understand him, does not deny having done so. All he says is that "the last imputation that is permissible against a novelist is that he is trying to say or insinuate this or that about an individual without daring to say it plainly and directly to the proper address." Now this underhand offence is one that is quite possible for a novelist to commit (witness Lady Caroline Lamb and her "Glenarron") and, when there is strong ground for believing that it has been committed, the imputation is strictly permissible. But it is a rare offence and a rare imputation, and we are not aware that it has ever been made against Mr. Wells.

What the novelist commonly does is something much more innocent, though its results may be often little less painful. He is attracted by something in human character, precisely as a painter may be attracted by a landscape or by the chance arrangement of apples in a bowl. He is more than attracted: he is inspired by what he sees to the creative act. The painter does not profess to set down on the canvas all that he sees before him and nothing else: he reserves the right to alter it according to the inwardly felt necessities of colour and design. So with the novelist. The person whose character has inspired him is but his raw material: what he makes out of that raw material is by no means to be taken as a considered and carefully expressed opinion on that person. Mr. Harold Skimpole would represent a much lower opinion of Leigh Hunt than was his due or indeed than Dickens held of him: it is even probable that Mr. Micawber is not an entirely just presentment of the elder Dickens. Nevertheless it is the salient, the most obvious traits on which the novelist seizes, just as does the caricaturist, and, whatever process of art he may employ on his raw material, these remain and obtrude themselves on the most superficial observation. And the original frequently complains of the results of just that process of art which the novelist innocently considers to have absolved him from all blame. Here,

he says, are my monocle and my bow-tie, here the fact that I deserted the Bar to enter journalism, here, a thing on which I have often been chaffed, my characteristic fussiness about catching trains—facts and traits, which, I am quite aware, may have a comical aspect and which I am prepared to accept as jokes against myself. But here also my fussiness is made to appear as an outward sign of a deep-seated egotism and self-importance, and it is represented as, on one occasion, gravely interfering with the comfort of others. Will my acquaintances accept for truth the impression that my friend, the novelist, has here given me? Or, even worse thought, can it be that thus in reality I appear to other people?

Mr. Wells will not deny that on many occasions he must have caused such heart-searchings as these. His defence must be that he is in the same boat with every novelist of ability that ever has been or ever will be, though he may be taking up more room in it than most. For it is of the essence of the novel that it comes to closer grips with the details of real life than any other form of imaginative literature. Shakespeare may have found inspiration for his Macbeth anywhere. Mr. Kipling suggests that he first saw both him and his terrible lady in a soft-hearted little boy and his sterner sister drowning kittens on Bankside. So it may have been; who can tell? But even if he found the first germ of the character in, say, a drawer at the Mermaid, he was able, on the plane of tragic poetry, to dispense with any identifying traits. But on the plane of prose fiction, such avoidance is not possible. As Mr. Wells says: "If one were to write a story in which a Prime Minister had to figure during the Balfour regime, it would be necessary to have a Prime Minister rather like Lord Balfour—or everything would have to be different." And if one is inspired to a character of fiction by a real person who in real life is a Civil Servant, it is very difficult not to make the fictitious character a Civil Servant too—or everything would have to be different. That is one of the necessities of the novel.

There is a consolation in the fact that though this controversy is always arising, more especially when the flames are fanned by the existence of impulsive, quick-tempered writers like Mr. Wells, it rarely leads to a serious crisis. The ordinary individual, whatever his first thoughts may be and however he may express them, generally rather likes "being put in a book."

THE REVIVAL OF ISLAM

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

THE Grand Moslem Conference, which has just concluded its sittings at Mecca, could not have taken place half a century ago; for at that time Abdul Hamid's ominous shadow was cast upon Islam: and despite the heroic efforts of Seyd Jamaladdin Afghani no All-world gathering of the followers of the Prophet was encouraged. In the wake of the Great War changing scenes appeared in the Eastern countries and the recent Mecca Conference unquestionably proved that general public opinion in Asia had sufficiently developed to demand the gathering of the brothers of their faith from all over the world, to discuss their affairs within sight of the holy Kaba of the faithful. Through a long study of "high policy" of Asia, backed

up by knowledge gained during my travels, the signs of the awakening of the Moslem East among the masses of all the countries were unquestionably impressed upon my mind as I sat in the Mecca Conference Hall. The present Wahabi ruler of the Hijaz, however, does not believe that a general public opinion in his co-religionists existed prior to his time; when in his address to the delegates of the All-World Moslem Conference on June 7 last at Mecca he tried to explain that such a Conference did not take place before, for the reason that no public opinion was perceptible. He thought that it was the growth of his own time. That is only a half truth, inasmuch as superficially, no doubt, indications of Moslem public opinion were wanting, yet Ibin Saud does not care to acknowledge that in the immediate past it has been a continuous policy of the Eastern rulers to suffer public opinion to smother and die a political death. And can it be denied that even as recently as the last decade individual expressions on matters political earned for a man in Asia a free passport to "heaven," through being hurled down from the top of a minaret, blown by the cannon or shot at the doorstep of a mosque? Public opinion, therefore, suffered at the hands of autocrats in the East. The Asiatic potentates felt that the development and expression of political ideas of their subjects were distinctly antagonistic to their position as monarchs. It meant an attack on the centralization of the State. Also, the hegemony of the Government was theirs by Divine right.

That is the great lesson that both the East and the West have to learn from the Grand Moslem Conference held at Mecca. It is as well clearly to understand that the phenomenon of the mass-awakening of Islam will present difficulties to the future Governments of the world, nor will it help to overcome these difficulties simply to ignore their existence. But the general feeling about the demand for rights should not necessarily be taken to mean that a world-wide catastrophe is to take place as a consequence of a unity arrived at in Mecca last June. The progress of events might be orderly, measured by well matured plans of action towards the moral and political regeneration of Islam. In the peaceful working out of their future, the Moslem peoples can threaten no one; and Europe need have no fears on that score. The strength of this "force" has already been appreciated by the wide-awake rulers of the modern East. In Afghanistan H.M. King Aman Ullah Khan Ghazi has handled the situation in a way worthy of true Afghan traditions, the rise of the Pahlavi in Persia leaves no room for doubt of a prosperous future, Turkey has advanced beyond recognition and it is for Sultan Ibin Saud to demonstrate that he means nothing but the unity of religion, for his life, which is consistent with the ethical code of the Wahabis, and his strictness have given cause for misgivings to many of his co-religionists, in Persia, in Egypt and elsewhere. His followers, too, are alleged—in some cases quite rightly—to have committed certain excesses on their triumphant march towards Mecca and Medina, and thus have deserved the unqualified censure of almost the entire Moslem world. True, Ibin Saud is powerful and can "vindicate" himself by a show of arms; but recent history has proved that even the greatest military power on earth, as Germany was, cannot stand against the combined forces of the nations. There is, however, not a shadow of doubt in my mind that Sultan Ibin Saud has certainly the Unity of Islam truly at heart, and cannot but succeed in bringing round his men to respect those dearly cherished religious susceptibilities alike of Shias and Sunnis, sanctified by the traditions of their ancestors. Only in that manner will a cohesion of ideas take permanent shape in the minds of 250,000,000 Moslems and have peace in the Middle East and goodwill to mankind, which is weary of war and strife.

Ibin Saud and his predecessor—King Husain—are

poles apart in many respects, and it is just that difference in the outlook and achievements of these two desert chiefs that made Ibin Saud an easy winner in the greatest and most persistent struggle of the present-day Arabia. King Husain raised clouds of dust, but as events showed it was no better than the dust of a circus; on the other hand, Ibin Saud, this modern Galahad, proved to be a man of action. It is the real dust of the battlefield that he raises. In speaking to this Sheikh of the "Text-book," I felt that he is conscious of his achievements—without being vain—and prefers to be wrapped in the superiority of his race and traditions. Believing in nothing but the Koran he steps forward to establish religiously the law of One God in the Holy Cities. He seemed to be the only man who could promise peace and order in the Hijaz; but let him tread warily, for the Unity of Islam is at stake.

In Egypt especially feelings are running high against the methods of administration of Ibin Saud. The unfortunate incident of the return of the Holy Carpet to Cairo has not helped matters towards a rapprochement between the two countries; and the Egyptian Press is full of resentment over the reported destruction of certain shrines of great antiquity in the Holy Cities of Islam. Great hopes are, therefore, entertained that the visit of King Ibin Saud's son to Egypt may yet save the situation and the good work of the All-world Conference not be destroyed so far, at any rate, as Egypt is concerned.

ST. FRANCIS AND ORTA

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

I DO not know how or whether St. Francis reached the Sacred Mountain at Orta, in the flesh. I am too much of a snob to look at guide-books, and too lazy to read history. But if he did go I do not think that he came over the passes from Maggiore. He came, I am sure, by ox-cart from a point between Pallanza and Stresa. He sat in the front of the cart looking over the long creamy backs while the driver slept peacefully full length with his feet to his beasts. He sat there (if he went) winding further and further along the path that is tucked like a handkerchief into the bosom of the hills. He did not sleep, like the driver, because even a saint must need something approaching an equilibrium for repose and the road then, as now, would be more like a frozen sea on a choppy day than anything designed to carry wheels. But it would have grown quieter and quieter.

There would have been no sound, except the little winds hopelessly assaulting the ragged imperturbability of the mountains, and the almost palpable sound of flowers growing. Flowers—and to each flower its own butterfly, so that even St. Francis could hardly have known if the flower was a butterfly at rest, or the butterfly a flower in flight. Butterflies ranging from a black evening dress tie (for the darker mallows) to a preposterous pattern only to be worn in the outer suburbs to match the fritillary. And I do not think that there would have been any sound of birds, however St. Francis may have whistled them. Unless it was in the time of the golden orioles, those birds who sing their colour. The air would have been empty of wings, and St. Francis could have looked into a sky like one great carbuncle on the outstretched finger of God.

I say that I do not know if he ever took that journey in the flesh, and I do not much care. For he is always taking it in the spirit. He is suddenly turning a corner between the hills and seeing the lake, which he must suppose to be a prayer waiting its azure accolade, and trembling a little in gentle expectation. He would plod on till he saw the island and

the jutting peninsular of the Sacred Mountain facing it, and then St. Francis would let the oxen wander free into the cobbled square, and, blessing their smooth foreheads, begin the ascent of the mountain.

But it is not really a mountain. It is just a hill, and that is as it should be. There should always be room for the beloved in the heart, and who could carry the cold great weight of Monte Rosa—though flushed with dawn—in his breast? Not even a Saint—not even that Saint. He must have something smaller, something no bigger than the thought of it. This little mountain begins with the vines and ends with Surrey woods, rambling between the terraces and eternal contemplation. So then, I suppose, St. Francis climbed up between the vines, and, if it were early summer, the green grapes would glimmer like small green torches thrust head-downwards into an invisible extinguisher. He would have noticed the flying beetles, those proud ones, like the Black Prince, who suddenly unclasp their armour show it to be lined with gold. He would have heard the innumerable cicadas—those ground-larks, who sing between the blades as that other between the stars. He might even have seen one leap in all his green bronze into the air, as the keeper of the bridge leapt into the Tiber. Then he would have reached the terrace, and, being himself, would not have needed to pray. Because the vines, and the flying beetles, and the cicadas would have been intoning responses to the organ whose key-board was the coloured lake, and whose pipes were the white mountains of the further side.

But he would, I suppose, have rested by the side of the road, just at the point where they have set his statue. I do not think that it is a very good statue, but that, I think, is probably the Saint's fault. He was not made for statues. But it is placed just where St. Francis would have had it. For the little wind from the Surrey copses behind him blows cool, even when the sun is reaffirming all his pagan gold—yes, even at that moment a little Christian breeze modifies Apollo. Nor is the coolness all. There are the lake, and the island, and the Sacred Mountain, and the unsacred but immaculate range of the other side.

It is a good place for St. Francis. For that reason in the wood at the end of each of the forest rides, they have built little coloured chapels. There are twenty of them. I cannot imagine why, though there is no doubt the best reason in the world. Indeed, there is the best reason: they wanted twenty, and so did he. Nor did they forget his little monastery, from which still his Franciscans, all in brown, issue his tranquil challenge to sin, and gentle exhortation to virtue. The bells still ring on the Sacred Mountain. The chapels still glimmer in the wood. The statue watches the lake and all that loveliness. There are the vines, the flowers, and the birds. I do not know if St. Francis came there in the flesh. But he is there now for always and it is his Sacred Mountain.

NEW-MOWN HAY

BY W. FORCE STEAD

IF as the Indian sage affirms
All the green things by road and lane
Have feelings like to ours, in terms
Of quickening joy and drooping pain;
Now from the fields of new-mown hay,
They sigh and breathe their lives away.

Sun-worshipping flowers and meadow-grasses
That all their lives look up to the sky,
Fall down when the burly mower passes,
Look up no more, but droop and die;
Sweet odours from the new-mown hay
Are ghosts of green things flying away.

THE PESSIMISTS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THEY burst in upon me last Sunday morning, these two young men—we will call them A. and B. They came striding through the clear sunlight, in which there was already a faint suggestion of Autumn, a touch of her cool forefinger, and descended upon me like the demigods or heroes they are, dusty and roaring and red-faced and clamorous for beer. Within a second or two my cottage was crowded with their sprawling legs and gesticulating arms. I had been spending the morning, laying down one after another of its exquisite pale gold pieces, in meditating a few pages of fine writing, something spun out of a reverie over that first autumnal whisper. It was already taking shape in my mind, a whimsical, melancholy, deckle-edged affair, the very matter for numbered and signed copies. There is something curiously depressing about late August, when the world is dusty and blown and fretful. Summer has gone, dragging her roses off the stage, and there is an interval of waiting, during which we yawn over our programmes, before the lights turn golden and misty for the pomp of Autumn. I was beginning to feel depressed myself and that was why I decided to attempt some fine writing, there being no better cure for this malady, itself mostly a literary affair, than a whole-hearted literary debauch, in which armfuls of gorgeous adjectives are scattered like largesse. But the entrance of my two young friends put an end to that, and what with the cares of hospitality and the roaring sea of their companionship, on which I soon found myself adrift, I said good-bye to my tender melancholy and fine phrases.

I call these guests "my two young friends" as if there were whole generations between us, whereas a really elderly person, casually surveying us, would lump us all together as contemporaries. We are not, however, and the difference is significant. They are post-war (one of them is still up at his university and the other has not been down long) and I am not, and very often they contrive to make me feel as old as I frequently try to appear in my more responsible compositions. Last Sunday they were in magnificent form. They had been walking all Saturday, and had managed to cover an odd ten or twelve miles that very morning. They bellowed their news and stretched themselves in my sitting-room, sang and splashed in the bathroom, and then came down to put away the lunch of six. My bottled beer went winking down their throats. My coffee disappeared between two epigrams. They filled their youthful and aggressive pipes, blew out great blue clouds of old matured Virginia and young raw satisfaction, and then accompanied me into the garden, where we lounged and smoked through the afternoon. We watched the sunlight fall upon the ripening pears. Across the lawn, the seven foot hollyhocks stood like girlish grenadiers. The poppies blazed among the distant weeds. From somewhere close but mysterious there came a murmuring of doves, and far away an old bell jangled faintly. The afternoon went rustling by in blue and white. Well-fed, glowing,

their strong young limbs outstretched, my guests leaned back, and after smoking idly for some time with half-closed eyes, at last began to talk. The moment was ripe for a symposium, and Epicurus himself would not have disdained the situation. Naturally enough, they grew philosophical.

Objecting to some timid remark of mine, A. pointed out that all our efforts are probably futile. His companion loudly and cheerfully agreed, and together, with raised voices, they hunted down man's foolish strivings and little sentimentalisms, hallooing as they went. Their sparkling eyes saw inward visions of this life as a desert, marked only by the whitening bones of wasted effort. They roared together over our pitiful illusions. Politics and art and religion and love were whirled away on gusts of laughter. Our whole civilization might perish at any moment, if, indeed, it was not perishing already. Gleeefully, their faces alight, they pointed out to one another the unmistakable signs of this collapse, and upon me they rained evidence. They kicked out in ecstasy as flaw after flaw was discovered in this structure of ours. But now there arrived a difference of opinion between them, which resulted in the jolliest argument imaginable and all the pointing with pipe stems and the frequent striking of matches that accompany such jolly arguments. B. emphatically declared that the sooner this civilization was nothing more than a memory, the better it would be for all of us. A. was positive that it was doomed, but thought we had probably made a mistake in letting it go, if only because our next state would be immeasurably worse. For this he was heartily chaffed by B., who said that he would not have suspected his friend of such obvious sentimentalism. Then they both began to examine the situation more closely, making fewer concessions to mere human weakness and broadening the base of the discussion, so that by the time we had sat down to tea they were in full flight.

"The fact is, of course," cried A., dealing heartily with his fifth sandwich, "the universe is entirely indifferent to any of our concerns. A minor planet goes rotten and begins to breed all kinds of queer creatures, and after a time these creatures have the cheek to imagine that their affairs are important, that what they want is what the universe wants. As a matter of fact, though, that's wrong because the universe doesn't want anything. It will just grind away till it stops, and we might as well recognize the fact. We can make up our minds that the whole show will be blotted out sooner or later—and, on the whole, a jolly good thing, too! What do you say, B.?" And he beamed at us, and passed his cup for the third time. "I don't mind how weak it is," he remarked. "I'm still thirsty enough for anything."

B. cut himself a hearty chunk of cake and patted it lovingly. "I don't agree with you," he began. "You're nothing but an old materialist. You're years out of date, you and your mechanical universe! I don't mind telling you, too, that you're a jolly sight too optimistic. The universe is alive all right and knows what's going on here. But why?" And here he paused and A. reached out for a cigarette. "To make an unholy mess of it, of course. The old idea was right all the time. We're just a droll spectacle for the gods. If

there's a supreme deity, then you may depend upon it, he's probably a sadist."

A. considered this view and clearly found it attractive, but was compelled, perhaps a trifle reluctantly, to reject it. He went on to draw a picture of man, doomed to perish with all his little notions of beauty and goodness, standing erect, his head lifted to the pitiless stars; and so warmed to the task that he quite forgot to finish his tea and keep his cigarette alight. Dancing with impatience, B. finally cut in with his own view of things, and showed us this life of ours as a tragedy of marionettes, with a dominating principle of evil, a malicious and omnipotent power, pulling the strings. We were allowed to develop so that our capacity for suffering might be increased. His companion declared that this view was far more rosy and sentimental than his, because "people would rather have an evil spirit than none at all." B., on his side, humorously incensed at the notion that he was at the old trick of pandering to human weakness in his revelation of truth, waved away what he called "this pleasant little idea of the machine universe," and added more crimson and black to his own picture of things. The cottage resounded with the flushed and eager pair of them, but the talk had gone little further before it was time for them to be off, for they were catching the 6.25 back to town, to end their happy week-end jaunt with a pleasant little dinner somewhere.

I was genuinely sorry when they departed, roaring down the road in farewell, for bereft of their high spirits the cottage seemed vacant, lifeless. It is really these evenings in late August that make the season, or brief interlude between seasons, so depressing. The long daylight has dwindled, but yet it is too early to light lamps and draw curtains. Fires are not to be thought of, yet there is a chill in the air. It is the drear little interval between the two magics of summer and autumn. Its long pallid face stares in at the window, whispering that something is ending for ever. The sky looks like the window of an empty house. In this light, dimming to a dusk without warmth and kindness, Tchekov's people chatter quietly and break their hearts. By the time the bats were hooting round the eaves and the room was ghostly with moths, I was more depressed than usual at such an hour and was sorry that I had not pressed my friends to stay or gone up to town with them, laughing and chattering away, on the 6.25. I saw them, in a wistful vision, sitting down to that pleasant little dinner, rubbing their hands, ruddy and bright of eye, preparing to round off the day and then march happily on towards the new morning.

MUSIC

SULLIVAN AND BIZET

GEORGES BIZET was born in 1838 and died in 1875; Arthur Sullivan, who was four years younger, survived until 1900. The Frenchman died under the shadow of a disappointment, though not, according to the romantic legend, of chagrin at a failure; the Englishman achieved wealth and honour such as come to few composers in their lifetime. Now the two are celebrated together by biographies in the series which is being published by Messrs. Kegan

Paul.* These books are most welcome, if only because there is no adequate biography of either composer in English. Moreover the authors have had access to first-hand information, which, at least in the case of Bizet, authoritatively disposes of certain false stories which have been current. At the same time it cannot be said that either of these subjects provides a great deal of interest to their biographers. For both the composers led rather uneventful lives. Their youthful days were taken up with study, with teaching and with growing success in composition. Bizet died just after he reached maturity, while Sullivan proceeded from one respectable success to the next.

Like so many other composers, both were the sons of parents who occupied places on the lower rungs of the musical profession. Bizet's father taught singing and Sullivan's was a military bandsman who rose to be an instructor at Kneller Hall. Such conditions are naturally favourable to the fostering of such musical genius as may exist in a child, and, indeed, may be said, in spite of some exceptions to the contrary, to be necessary to the development of a composer.

So far the lives of the two composers run on parallel lines. How greatly they ultimately diverged may be seen at a glance from the pages at the end of these volumes which are devoted to the enumeration of their works. Sullivan has to his credit nineteen pages which contain, with a large amount that is dead and buried, a number of works, both sacred and profane, which are household words. Bizet's list contains fewer works than Sullivan has pages, but one of them is 'Carmen' and that is a bigger landmark in musical history than all the works of Sullivan put together. For 'Carmen,' which was produced in 1875, is the first of the long line of realistic melodramas, which culminated in the *verismo* of the Italian composers of the end of the century. It is not, musically, a strikingly original work, in the sense that we apply the term to the music-dramas of Wagner, against whom Nietzsche used Bizet as a stalking-horse for his splenetic attacks. Its originality consists in the way the music is used, in the subject of the opera itself and, above all, in the superb vitality of the whole work.

The novelty of 'Carmen' was undoubtedly the cause of its failure, or, to be accurate, of the fact that it was not a complete success. The public was not accustomed, even after the efforts in the literary world of Flaubert and de Maupassant, to such an unflinching representation of, perhaps, sordid life. They liked the heroines at the Opéra-Comique to be joined in holy matrimony to their tenors in the last act, even though the course of love did not run smooth during the first three. If they must die, let it be sentimentally in their beds, of consumption. In this connexion it may be remarked that one of the best services done to his subject by Mr. Parker is his exposition of the characters of Don José and Micaela. The one, though weak, is not the mere cipher in the matter that too many tenors, who care more for top-notes than for acting, make of him. The other is equally not an insipid *ingénue* without character or any reason for being there at all except to provide a part for a light soprano.

As to the legend of the opera's complete failure and Bizet's consequent death from a broken heart, Mr. Parker is able to show that, though disappointed with its reception, the composer was by no means disheartened and had no cause to be in the face of a run of thirty-seven performances. It is true that the critics were not, as a whole, very perspicacious. They did not see why the mediocre talent of 'Djamileh' and 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles' should suddenly have blossomed out into genius, and, like the general public, they were disturbed by the production of a new kind

* 'Georges Bizet: His Life and Works.' By D. C. Parker. 'Arthur Seymour Sullivan.' By Henry Saxe Wyndham. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. each.

of work which necessitated some thinking for its proper comprehension. It is always difficult for a succeeding generation, which has accepted a work as a masterpiece and, owing to its familiarity, no longer finds any surprises in it, to put itself in the position of the first audience.

Sullivan encountered no such difficulties. When he produced a failure it was due to a lack of intrinsic merit in his work, and posterity has not reversed the first judgments. The case of 'Ruddigore' is, perhaps, comparable with that of 'Carmen,' since its title caused some offence and made the timid wonder if it was quite the thing for their daughters to see, so that a legend of failure arose about it. Sullivan was one of those composers who pick up the threads of the past and weave them into a new pattern without destroying the obvious continuity of the design. The immortality of their works depends on the degree of originality which they bring to their task. Sullivan had a great melodic gift and, when it found its proper counterpart in the ingenious verses of W. S. Gilbert, he produced works which show every sign of lasting value. His more serious compositions have already sunk below the horizon. The 'In Memoriam' Overture is still revived on suitable occasions; the 'Lost Chord' occasionally reverberates once more in the Albert Hall; the hymns are firmly embedded upon our church-pews, where some of them, being fine tunes, deserve to stay. But do we want to hear 'Ivanhoe,' or 'The Martyr of Antioch' or the Irish Symphony?

The light operas remain. They are the last fruits of that amazingly fertile tree, which, being grafted with masterpiece and, owing to its familiarity, no longer a foreign stock, has lately given us only the tasteless inanities of "musical comedy." We have had of late years, thanks to Mr. Nigel Playfair and his company at Hammersmith, an admirable survey of the tree's early growth. It began with 'The Beggar's Opera' and progressed throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The ballad-operas became at times sentimental; the heroine degenerated from the lively slut, Polly, to the insipidly virtuous Clarissa. This is a progress from virility to wishy-washiness which appears also in the literature and drama of the period and leads on to the rose-pink sentimentality of the Victorian age. It was the privilege of Gilbert and Sullivan to put new life into the old form. They brought back the satirical element, which was never quite banished by the sentimentalities, and Gilbert gave to it a peculiar twist which made his work novel and original.

Sullivan, for his part, exercised to the utmost by the difficult demands made by the rhythms of his collaborator's verse, rose to the occasion with a series of melodies which are sure of immortality. His operas have been compared with those of Mozart. There is certainly a high technical skill in their orchestration and a touch of genius in their tunefulness. Had Mozart died after composing 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' there might be some justification in the comparison. But where in Sullivan's works can be found an air that strikes a note of tender melancholy so deep as 'Porgi amor,' or a scene that equals the quiet expectation of Susanna, awaiting her husband, at the end of 'Figaro'? It is only the lack of such things, a purely negative quality, which prevents us from placing Sullivan in the first rank. H.

THE THEATRE

MR. COWARD'S BALKANIC ERUPTION

BY IVOR BROWN

The Queen was in the Parlour. By Noel Coward. St. Martin's Theatre.

TO tell sad stories of the loves of queens may seem to be a curious occupation for Mr. Noel Coward. Nor did one previously suppose that

Trans-Ruritania would appeal to him as a spiritual home. However, there is no holding him. After all, why should he not have his laugh at us? Have we not wagged censorious heads over his smart young sinners? "Too much nasty realism" I see him saying with a gentle smile. "Very well then, I'll leave your poor heads alone and melt your silly hearts." So the flower which he plucks for his bonnet is Love-Lies-Bleeding, and the railway by which he travels is that Orient Express whose terminus is in the Zenda country. Once in Trans-Ruritania Mr. Coward sets busily to work. He even goes so far as to compose a national anthem for the somewhat uneasy kingdom. It is quite a good anthem. There are some other countries which might employ Mr. Coward as their Composer Laureate.

That the Queen was in the parlour is not strictly accurate. Nothing so common for the exquisite Nadya. She was, when she first came under our attention, being awfully gay in Paris. I thought some of her gaiety singularly stupid, as when she and her fiancé, young Sabien, giggled hysterically together and thought it would be frightfully funny to ring up a friend on the telephone at six in the morning. So they did ring her up and she was justly angry, and Nadya and Sabien went on laughing and laughing with a mirth which I found completely uninfected. Nadya had been spending her time in Paris by laying the foundations of a scarlet past. Now she was going to forget all about the beastly Balkans and become a good woman at the same time by marrying Sabien, who was doubtless an excellent fellow although he did giggle such a lot. But this pleasant prospect was interrupted by the Stern Voice of Duty, articulated by General Krish, one of those grizzled sons of a mother-country who go about making plots for plays and films in an efficient, staccato kind of way. He announced that the King of Where-ever-it-was had been assassinated four days before. I think Mr. Noel Coward does the foreign correspondents of our newspapers and the services of our news-agencies rather less than justice. The murder of a king (even a Trans-Ruritanian king) does somehow find its way into the news in less than four days. The murder left Nadya as the heiress and assign of a kingdom, and what did she intend to do about it?

Krish, of course, was all for duty. And Nadya thought longingly and morganatically of young Sabien. Why not bolt with him and leave her country to consume its own revolutionary vapour? But Duty, as William Wordsworth observed, preserves the stars from wrong, and Nadya was a star with two acts still to run. So she deserted Sabien and booked righteously for Trans-Ruritania, there to wear a martyr's crown and relieve the miseries of monarchy with the aid of aspirin and a clear conscience. But the rude folk of her capital did not take her great renunciation in the proper spirit. They brooded (or allowed their agitators to brood) on that purple Parisian past. I did not suspect that the Trans-Ruritanian democracy is so much animated by the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, and I innocently imagined that the high cost of living was the kind of thing that might set them growling in the streets. But not a bit of it. They were on virtue's side, and the clamour was not caused by the taxes on the wine of the country but by the rumours of the Parisian vine-leaves that once decked this young queen's hair. Indeed, so incensed did they become by this thought of bottles long ago that they quite forgot themselves. A gunman chanced his hand, but a gallant fellow chanced to be at his side and jerked up the murderous arm.

The Queen sent for her preserver. And who should it be but young Sabien? Mr. Coward, when he sets out to melt our silly hearts, does not hesitate to employ the entire traditional machinery of that deliquescence. Alas, poor Nadya! She loved the fellow still and to-morrow she was to celebrate an arranged marriage with the Prince Keri of Zalgat.

Sabien suggested that for true lovers like themselves to-night's the night, and when Nadya, swearing she would ne'er consent, consented, a young woman in the pit cheered lustily. Such is the power of art. Sabien was duly smuggled into the palace, but the course of true love received a sharp interruption about four o'clock in the morning. The wretched democracy was at it again, and Nadya had to be warned that the royal carriage was waiting at the back door. No back-doors for a lady of her blood! Going to the palace windows in her night-dress she boldly threw back the half-brick which some proletarian zealot had heaved in her direction; nay more, she gave the rabble a piece of her mind as well. Democracy was first startled and then charmed. It threw down its half-bricks and lifted up its voice in the national anthem. The Third International will really have to issue a considered report on the contemptible state of the revolutionary movement in Trans-Ruritania. But what of young Sabien, whose discovery was made inevitable by all this disturbance? He shot himself like a real gentleman, and left Nadya to the pleasures of monarchy and the company of Prince Keri of Zalgir. For the latter's benefit it was explained by the admirable Krish that a fellow had been killed when endeavouring to enter the Queen's apartment. Result, profuse melting of hearts.

Mr. Coward, fortunately, while he works romance for all it is worth, has moments when he becomes himself again. As wise cooks serve sharp condiments to save the rich dish from being sickly, so he has garnished his play with an olive or two. The Prince Keri is a sardonic commentator on the family profession of crown-wearing, and his part has been given a splendid edge by Mr. Herbert Marshall's performance. Mr. Marshall has often been condemned to play misunderstood husbands and woolly-minded uncles because he makes them so charming. It is excellent to see him given a part with a sting in it, and his rendering is delicious. Furthermore, Nadya is made to take to her palace an English attendant, the good Miss Phipps. Miss Phipps seems to be as dry a little stick as ever put up an "Apartments" card in her front sitting-room window and charged a shilling a week for "cruet." There is a wild and lovely touch about Miss Phipps, who refuses to be rattled by any amount of proletarian demonstrations and has a nice idea of pleasure behind her mask of all the moralities. Miss Ada King plays the part. I need say no more than that she plays it with her customary perfection. Another olive for the relief of the oppressed palate is the conversation between Nadya and Prince Keri on the use of aspirin after occasions of royal ceremonial. The audience is thus permitted just relaxation from the melody that is being played on the heart-strings of the martyr-queen. And there is Lady Tree as an effusive duchess. The dramatist has not entirely abandoned his familiar fun in making his first tour of Balkan never-never-lands. It is one criticism of this play that, in the unlikely event of its failing at the St. Martin's, Mr. Coward has only to compose a waltz or two, hire a chorus, and transfer it to Daly's or Drury Lane. It is another and a kindlier criticism that he could make the second version very funny indeed. Prince Keri and Miss Phipps would see to that.

Miss Madge Titheradge is so great an actress that she can reconcile the sternest mind to the all too tender theme. Her performance as Nadya is immensely beautiful and irresistibly persuasive. Mr. Francis Lister, as Sabien, is not out-shone by Miss Titheradge. Heaven help us if the parts had been played by Miss Blank and Mr. —! But they are not. Mr. Coward has all the luck. Or shall we say that he and Miss Basil Dean, his producer, can cast and control a play so shrewdly that even a Balkan palace may be once more theatrically habitable and new honey sucked from the commonest of stage flower-beds?

ART

RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

IT is a consoling reflection that whatever the disturbances which sweep over our distressful nation, however devastating may be the effect of a Lengen's visit, however tense a Test Match, however sociologically important a coal stoppage, the National Gallery remains as the repository of permanent and significant things.

A number of recent acquisitions to the Gallery are hanging in the vestibule. One of them is a Spanish work of the late fifteenth century, presented by Lord Rothermere. It is a 'Death of the Virgin.' There is, of course, almost no Spanish feeling in the work, which belongs to the period when Flemish influence was paramount; it is of the epoch of Juan Sanchez de Castro, Pedro Sanchez and Alejo Fernandez. It is not a very exciting picture, but the use of red is remarkable and the general scheme of colour on the grey background is striking and original. The picture is chiefly valuable because of the poverty of our collection in this period.

'The Bark of Charon,' probably by Fuseli, is certainly empty and pretentious enough to be by him. The draped figures are so utterly formless that for some time I mistook them for studio draperies; in fact the whole thing smacks abominably of the studio, though one cannot deny the competence of the nude figure—it is distressingly competent. The two Reynolds below, which have been lent by Lord Irwin, 'A Shepherd Boy' and 'Lady William Gordon,' do not seem to require any special comment; they are by Reynolds and *voilà tout*; they do not affect our estimate of that worthy one way or the other. The Joseph Highmore above, however, is a different story. This 'Gentleman in Murray Velvet,' which has been purchased out of the Florence fund, must be a great revelation to many people. Highmore is not one of the most familiar names in English portraiture, but when have Romney or Lawrence ever produced a picture so sincere, sensitive and delicious? The poise of the figure and the background are conventional; but it is the handling that matters, and the illusive, part quizzical, part reflective, part mocking smile that has been captured with such amazing mastery. Joseph Wright's portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby, presented by Miss Agnes Best, is a stodgy, self-conscious, highly-amusing affair; on the whole, Wright was better at his candle light and landscape, though his self-portrait in the Portrait Gallery is one exception that I know.

One of the most important new pictures is the 'Tobit and his Wife,' a purchase. It is officially attributed to Rembrandt and Dou, though I gather that there is doubt about the mixture, some even considering it entirely Rembrandt. With this I must humbly but very emphatically disagree. The general planning seems to be Rembrandt and portions of the execution, notably the figure of Tobit; but I do not believe he could ever have painted certain passages. Would he ever, for example, have left that pot in the right foreground without any relationship to the floor? The official attribution seems to me unassailable. However, this is a question of small importance. What matters is that the picture, though uneven, is of profound emotional value. Tobit, "old and grey and full of sleep," is a figure of amazing and pathetic dignity. The light falls on him through a window to the left and clearly shows his folded hands and bowed head and the restful fall of his long, purple robe. His wife sits spinning with her back to us, a silhouette. To the right is the dim firelight, the pots and pans.

There are two other pictures in the vestibule; a striking sketch of Samuel Rogers by John Linnell, and an astoundingly beautiful 'Transfiguration' of the Russian school of the seventeenth-eighteenth century. I refuse to attempt a description of this delicate and spiritual pattern in reds and greens, golds and ivories. Anybody who cannot see that it is supremely beautiful may as well give up the effort to understand visual art. It is just one of those purely visual effects which cannot be translated.

In the large Dutch room there is a portrait, said to be of Rembrandt, by Govert Flinck, a heavy, brutal and unbelievable portrait, displaying the usual Dutch competence. Hardly more interesting as a picture is the 'Jacob and Laban,' by Hendrik Terbruggen, in the octagonal room; it is, however, of historic interest. We have never before possessed a Terbruggen and he is an important link in the history of Dutch painting. Through him flowed something of the Italian influence which helped to make the great period, since he absorbed Caravaggio in Italy at an early date. Mr. Collins Baker attributes to him the principal part in supplying the basis of plein-air painting which Vermeer and de Hooch were to carry so far. These tendencies may be noted in the new picture and we are glad to have it for that reason. Lord Irwin has also lent his 'Portrait of a Young Man,' which is attributed to Titian. It hangs in the large Venetian room. This refined and subtle work in its restrained colour and reposeful lay-out is one of the most attractive portraits I have ever seen, and a marked contrast to Lord Irwin's other loan, the astonishing 'Descent from the Cross' of the Master of St. Bartholomew, which is in the German room. Never, surely, has melodrama been thus lifted into cataclysmic tragedy by sheer energy and power. Weeping women in rich stuffs writhe about the Cross, and the Christ descends. His arms still stiffly outstretched with the long hanging. Colour riots, stark, twisted, magnificent. It is the mystical child with a vivid earthly imagination which speaks so tremendously in this small canvas. We are shaken by the force of its *naïveté*.

In the Italian Primitive room are three fresco fragments of the school of Pietro Cavallini, delicately beautiful things of peculiar interest because they belong to the origins of Giotto. These frescoes came from Assisi, where Giotto met the work of Cavallini. A further panel from the altarpiece of Santa Croce has been acquired, so that we now possess eight portions of what must once have been one of the grandest treasures of Florence. The new panel represents the Resurrection. The figure of Christ rises with a dignity and Godliness which recalls Piero della Francesca. Before him, in a sweep of yellow, crimson, green and scarlet lie the soldiers, behind is an echoing sweep of rock. It is time Ugolino received his proper recognition; we have a remarkable collection of his work in London, yet what is his name to the average man?

In the Michael Angelo room are two jolly chests decorated by Benozzo Gozzoli which have been lent by Lord Somers. They display very fully the strange "apartness" of this painter in his strenuous generation. In the later English room is an able portrait of Samuel Cousins by Frank Holl, which Mrs. Holl has presented. It stands up well against most of the room. In the French room are two Chardins, 'The Lesson' and 'The House of Cards,' both works of perfect tone balance and purity of colour, though the latter is a little stiff and dull.

The last picture that I want to crush into this summary is the 'Meeting of Joachim and Anna,' by the Master of Moulins, which was purchased out of the Temple West fund. I have looked at this picture several times without, as they say, "getting" it. It seems to me hard and unpleasantly pre-Raphaelite, and not to be compared with the same painter's 'Nativity' at Autun. However, the period is one of immense com-

plexity and only the very expert specialist has a right to an opinion or attribution. I do not even know personally whether the Master of Moulins is or is not Jean Perréal. When last I read about the question it was doubtful; probably it still is. I wonder whether this picture is not another case of historic rather than æsthetic interest? I ask this nervously, because there is none of us without his blind spot. But there it is: I do not like the picture.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE FASCIST EXPERIMENT

[FROM PROFESSOR SALVEMINI]

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter under this heading from Mr. W. S. Kennedy, published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 7. The subject will be fully dealt with in a book which I have written, entitled, 'The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy,' which will appear in the autumn. The responsibility for putting the case clearly before the English public is one which I feel to be rather particularly my own, and since Mr. Kennedy cannot have at his disposal all the documents necessary to deal faithfully with Mr. Luigi Villari on quite equal terms, I ask your permission to support him in this discussion. I look on this not only as a right but as a duty, and I have therefore no doubt but that you will allow me to fulfil it.

1. *The number of Fascist deaths.* (a) The number of 147 Fascists killed before October, 1922, was given in a publication entitled, 'Italians remember!' (*Italiani ricordate!*) which was issued by the Fascist party in April, 1924, during the General Election of that year. This publication is referred to again in 1925 in a volume entitled, 'The Fascist Reconstruction' (*La ricostruzione fascista, Milano, edizione Corbaccio, 1925, p. 16*).

(b) The number of Fascists killed from October, 1922, to November, 1924, was eighty-eight. This figure is arrived at after a systematic search of the files of the Fascist newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, made by the Secretary of the Unitary Socialist Party in November, 1924. The figure was given in the anti-Fascist papers on November 26, 1924, and the Fascist Party carefully refrained from contradicting it.

(c) From September, 1924, to September, 1925, the number was fifty-five—not sixty-five, as stated by Mr. Villari. This figure is given in an official letter from Signor Farinacci to 'Il Duce,' published in the Press on September 13, 1925.

From these facts it appears that the number of Fascists killed in five years was 290.

Mr. Luigi Villari, in his letter to you, states that in an official volume entitled, 'Pagine Eroiche della Rivoluzione Fascista,' published in 1925, and giving an account of the "more heroic episodes of the five years" of the Fascist struggle, the number of dead is given as 416. I have not this volume before me and therefore cannot check Mr. Villari's assertion as to the figures it contains. But I can say this—that in many cases the number of Fascist dead has been artificially increased by the inclusion of the names of persons whose deaths had nothing whatever to do with politics. For example, that of the Fascist deputy Casalini, who was murdered in September, 1924, by a drunkard who was a frequent visitor to his house

and in Fascist circles, who was neither a Communist nor an Anarchist nor a Socialist, and who had no connexion with any of the groups of the anti-Fascist opposition. All the efforts which were made by the Fascists to give a political complexion to this crime were of no effect. But Casalini's name is still included in the list of Fascist "martyrs." By this method of reckoning we might count among those "martyrs" every Fascist who was run over by a taxicab or died of indigestion! It would also be interesting to know if there are included in the 416 "martyrs" not only those Fascists who were killed in conflicts with the so-called Bolsheviks, but also those killed in conflicts with police or other public forces. Those killed in such conflicts must be included on both sides or on neither. If they are included in the volume cited by Mr. Villari, as I believe, then after making this allowance the figure given by the Fascist authorities differs very little from my own. But if we assume, until I obtain the book and can check the figures, that the number of 416 deaths in the five years 1920-1925 given by Mr. Villari is correct, we are still a long way short of the 3,000 which Signor Mussolini gave in November, 1924. We are still even some way short of the "no less than 2,000 Fascists" who, according to Mr. Villari himself, had been killed by their opponents up to the Spring of 1924. (Luigi Villari, 'The Awakening of Italy,' p. 165.)

It is true that Mr. Villari says that there were also "an undefined number on both sides of which authentic records are not now available." But the Fascist Party and the Fascist Government, which are synonymous terms, had ample opportunity before 1925 to compile their list of Fascist "martyrs" and it would be, indeed, a strange thing if in the official record published in that year they had forgotten some 2,500 of them.

2. Let us turn now to the number of anti-Fascists who were killed by their opponents:

(a) Up to October, 1920, I have found in the Press the names of thirty-three anti-Fascists who were killed by the Fascists. I do not include those who were killed by the police or the carabinieri during riots or other disorders. I am prepared to give to the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW the materials from which this figure is derived.

(b) The book, in which the number of anti-Fascists killed from the autumn of 1920 to March, 1922, is given as 161, and as to which Mr. Villari apparently desires further information, is, 'Fascismo: inchiesta socialista sulla gesta dei Fascisti in Italia. Milano, Societa editrice Avanti, 1922.' It is a volume of 455 pages of text and fifty pages of photographs and reproductions of documents. The number of those killed is given on pp. 448-450. It must be remembered that this inquiry is very far from exhaustive. It does not include Romagua, the province of Modena, nor the greater part of Southern Italy. The records from Tuscany, Umbria, Lazio, Emilia and Mantua are fragmentary. For example, there is no mention of the death of the deputy Di Vaguo, who was killed by the Fascists in November, 1921, nor of twelve persons killed in Florence (February 27-March 1, 1921). The number killed in Foiano della Chiana in April, 1921, is given as two—there were in fact five; etc., etc.

From the researches which I have made in the daily Press of the time—and these equally are not exhaustive—I have arrived at a figure of fifty-five deaths, which are not included in this volume. I am prepared to give the details to the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

(c) No record has been made of non-Fascist deaths from March—October, 1922. It would be necessary to make a systematic search of the records in the Press; and we anti-Fascists have not the money of the Italian taxpayers at our disposal to defray the expense of such an investigation. It would be a sufficiently macabre affair. But it is no exaggeration to

say that there were at least sixty non-Fascists killed in these seven months.

(d) From November, 1922, to November, 1923, Giacomo Matteotti in his book 'Un anno di dominazione Fascista' (issued by the Unitary Socialist Party, Rome, Casella Portale 460, 1924) gives the number of non-Fascists killed as 150, pp. 44 *et seq.*

(e) From November, 1923, to June, 1924, no detailed investigation has been made. But we know that in the period of the elections alone (February—April, 1924), in Northern and Central Italy only there were twenty-five non-Fascists killed. (This figure is taken from a volume entitled, 'La liberta di voto sotto il dominio fascista.' Roma, Tipografia Italia, 1924, p. 133 *et seq.*)

(f) From June 25 to December 2, 1924, the Unitary Socialist Party recorded thirty-six deaths. The figure is given in a pamphlet, 'L'Impero della Legge,' which was issued by the Press Bureau of that party and distributed to members of the Senate in December, 1924.

These figures give a total of at least 520 anti-Fascists killed. But it must be noted that the anti-Fascist record is only up to December 2, 1924. I do not know to what date the record in the official volume quoted by Mr. Villari is carried.

Taking these figures it appears that the numbers of deaths on either side ascertained by the two parties, are 416 Fascist and 520 anti-Fascist. I emphasize advisedly the word *ascertained* because it must always be kept in mind that the Fascist Party, having all the machinery of the public administration at its disposal, is in an incomparably better position to collect their facts than the anti-Fascist groups.

The Fascist regime cannot, moreover, be judged by the number of killed on one side or the other. We must add to this another consideration. Those who have killed members of the Fascist Party have in almost every case been actively pursued, found, brought to trial and severely punished; but the Fascists who have killed their opponents have most frequently remained "persons unknown" or have been acquitted or amnestied. If Mr. Villari wishes to deny this statement, I shall ask you, Sir, to grant me permission in the SATURDAY REVIEW to show that it is the unvarnished truth.

Paris

I am, etc.,
G. SALVEMINI

FOREIGN PLACE NAMES

SIR,—Your correspondent "X. Y. Z." seems to be labouring under several misapprehensions, due perhaps to a lack of acquaintance with the Russian language. All these names like Turgenief, Zinovief—and also Tchehof—end (or ended) in Russian in the single letter "v" followed by the mute so-called "hard sign" which transmutes this final "v" into the sound of "f." I say "ended" because though in Tsarist days the "hard sign" (which so frequently followed final consonants) was, if I recollect, already being largely ignored in telegrams, the Russian Soviet Government have entirely abolished it—an innovation that is at least something to the credit of the Bolsheviks. The last Moscow paper I saw a few weeks ago did not print a single one.

The main point of my recent remarks on this subject is that in English a single "f"—as, for instance, in hoof, if, loaf, turf—has the full value of "f" (except in the particle "of," with which compare "off") and therefore the "double f" in the transliteration of Russian names is *entirely redundant and absurd*. To say I have not proved this point is surely equally absurd.

There is no specially valid reason for writing "Chehov" as your correspondent writes it; this mode is probably due to the vogue which that author enjoys at present among the "highbrows" and the sandal-footed "intelligentsia." The initial sound is much

better represented by the combination "tch" (as in "catch"), because this never varies whereas "ch" does—compare: church, chamois, chameleon, loch. The middle consonant of this author's name is really a strong guttural which in Russian is written and pronounced like the Greek "χ"; the usual method is to represent the sound by the clumsy combination "kh"—but I certainly prefer the single "h" or the single "k," either of which is close enough for practical purposes.

As to the spelling "Tchaikowski," the "w" comes through the German or the Polish, in both of which languages it has the sound of "v." The final "i" also comes from the Polish, where such names always end in a final "i" as we write it and print it—cf. Zaleski. In Russian, however, such names end in a double "i" (or "ee") and are in my opinion better transliterated by our "y"—e.g., Moosorgsky, Tchaikovsky—to differentiate them from Polish names.

I agree with "X. Y. Z." that foreign names should be spelt in a manner which will convey to the man in the street some idea of their real pronunciation—at least usually and up to a point. For instance, the name of the famous Russian satrap which appears in our newspapers as "Potemkin" (e.g., Potemkin villages) should at least be spelt "Potyomkin," although a more strictly correct spelling would be Patyomkeen. Then again the name of the famous Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko, is adequately represented thus, although the "v" is really only an approximation—in Ukrainian and Polish many "v's" in certain positions are acoustically not always quite completed, and partake almost of the nature of vowels.

In regard to "Rheims" I consider the French (and of course correct) pronunciation forms one of the ugliest sounds in any language and here in England I shall always, as hitherto, call it "Reams."

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

Llandderfel

P.S.—The name of this Welsh hamlet should, I suppose, for the benefit of "the man in the street" be transliterated into Thlanthairvel—accent more or less on the second syllable Thair, rolling the "r." "Thlan" is the usual transliteration for this famous Welsh "prefix"—but it is only a poor approximation. Few people who have not spent a certain portion of their childhood in Welsh Wales can ever hope to acquire the real thing.

THE SLOGAN

SIR,—Your review of a book on advertising brings to my mind a book title. Authors in search of titles will note the points required in a slogan. 'Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas' (Lady Richmond Brown's book of travel) is a title which:

1. Applies directly to the article with which it is associated.
 2. It scans and has rhythm and lilt.
 3. Emphasis falls naturally on the prominent words.
- More particularly let those interested note that it has the ring and music of all the vowel sounds.

I am, etc.,

G. H. MILSTED

New University Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—Mr. Murray Allison's excellent analysis of "the Slogan," as revealed in the illuminating and entertaining review of his book, does not evidently include the best definition of this advertising mechanism which at the same time illustrates it: *A slogan is a phrase with a punch.*

I am, etc.,

MORLEY DAINOW

University of London Club,
21 Gower Street, W.C.1

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—26

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Bad Poem in heroic couplets, celebrating the pleasures of the Respectable Life, a poem such as perhaps Mr. Pooter, of 'The Diary of a Nobody,' might have written. Beset by the difficulty of defining the term "bad poem," we append two stanzas designed to indicate a degree of badness in versification which should not be exceeded:

Three long weeks at Brighton,
What a wonderful holiday!
The warm breezes of Brighton
Blew all our cares away.

Brighton we cherish in memory,
A host of pleasant sights and sounds,
My wife's such a splendid manager,
We only spent fifteen pounds.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best fragment, not exceeding 300 words, of a Shavian preface to a chronicle-play entitled, 'Saint Bernard: or, Episodes in the Life of a Good Dog.'

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 26a, or LITERARY 26b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 6, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 24

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best translation into English verse of the following poem by Ugo Foscolo:

IL SERTO

Cogliete, o pastorelli,
Cogliete vaghi fiori,
Chè deggio per gli albori
A Fille un serto far.
Farlo vorrei sol io,
Ma nol permette l'ora,
Chè in cielo già l'Aurora
Comincia rosseggiar.

E le dirò che il serto
Tessuto è di mia mano.
Ma che? così profano
Il labbro mio sarà?
Mai menzogner non fui,
E s'anche il fossi, ah! Fille
Fra mille fiori e mille
I miei distinguerà.

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best version of the following poem by Robert Burns, changed into the form of a personal reminiscence by George Moore, in prose:*

O my Luv'e's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luv'e,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luv'e,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

We have received the following report from Mr. Martin Armstrong, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT BY MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

24A. The majority of the translations of Ugo Foscolo's poem, itself in the old style, have very properly taken an Elizabethan form, for this best reproduces the conceits of the original. My difficulty has been to decide between good poetry and bad translation, and good translation and bad poetry. N. G. Blaker achieves in the last four lines both good poetry and good translation:

I am not false and, if I were,
My Phyllis well had known,
From countless showers of meadow flowers
To single out my own.

The earlier part of the poem, however, is not nearly such good poetry. The same criticism applies to the poems of Mr. Lester Ralph and Miss Harriet Packer. Mr. Ralph ends:

No liar was I ever,
And, if I were, my Treasure
From flowers past count and measure
My own would surely know.

This is Miss Packer's ending:

Lies never leapt to lips of mine
And even should I lie
Ah! Phyllis mid a thousand blooms
Would straight my own despy.

Both of these have the ring of poetry, yet in each case the poem, as a whole, is disappointing. A. M. H. has written a charming poem, but the second half of the first verse has too little connexion with the original.

The best translations are those of G. G. M. and J. W. Pepper. The latter quite rightly reads "labbro" for "laboro" in the last line but four, while G. G. M. retains "laboro" as printed in the setting of the competition. They are equally good and I recommend that the sum of the first and second prizes should be halved between them.

FIRST PRIZE—I

THE GARLAND

Come gather, gentle shepherds,
Come, gather me a posy,
To deck, ere dawn break rosy,
My Phyllis' lovely hair.

The task should be mine own,
But time, alas! is wasting,
For, through the heavens hasting,
Aurora blushes fair.

The garland, I shall tell her,
By my own hand was wreathéd.
Nay, be no falsehood breathéd
Upon these lips of mine—
Unused they are to feign—
But, even so, ah! Phyllis
Among ten thousand lilies
My own would still divine.

J. W. PEPPER

FIRST PRIZE—II

THE GARLAND

Gentle shepherds, gather flowers,
Flowers sweet and gay;
I must weave a wreath for Phyllis
Ere the break of day.
Would that I alone might weave it,
But the hour is nigh;
Even now appears Aurora
Blushing in the sky.
I will tell her 'tis a garland
Woven all by me;
—Yet, alas that my love's labour
Thus profaned should be!
Never have I told a falsehood,
Even did I so
Phyllis, from a myriad others
Still my flow'rs would know.

G. G. M.

24B. None of the translations of Burns into Mr. George Moore has preserved throughout the true Moorish diction, but that, perhaps, was too much to expect. Four have at least approached the task in the right spirit. Mr. T. H. Mayes reproduces Mr. Moore's epicurean search after artistic and emotional definition in such a sentence as: "Her legs were not so shapely as Maudie Doxford's, but she had the art of disposing them gracefully"; but in the rest of his translation he falls into the fault of producing a somewhat superficial caricature of Mr. Moore's method rather than an actual version of it. Miss Lucy Lancaster begins well with: "The red rose of June boasts a freshness that is denied the roses of later months. . . Maybe it is merely because in June the surrounding foliage is of fresher hue." That, again, reproduces Mr. Moore's inquisitive analysis of his own reactions. Unfortunately in the rest of her paper she altogether loses touch with the Moorish dialect.

I have no hesitation in recommending the version of R. Musgrove Scott for first prize. It is good, if not extremely good, and succeeds at least in some degree in catching Mr. Moore's intonation and in including a number of his idiosyncrasies. Mr. Lester Ralph mimics Mr. Moore at his more poetical and less wicked, but he does it in a manner which places him definitely above Mr. Mayes, the only other possible candidate for the second place.

FIRST PRIZE

It seems to me that it was Manet who presented me to her at the Nouvelle Athènes, but it may have been Degas or Zola; for I knew them all. Talking to her, I thought: "A rose, a crimson, velvety rose that could be painted by nobody but Monet or myself—that's what she is. And, I should think, a very virginal rose." The metaphors flowed blandly, as the Seine past the Trocadero, and her image fluttered in my imagination like a Wagnerian theme that I had heard with Joseph in Bavaria.

I picture myself sitting close to her, at a little, iron-work table, whose marble top I pressed gratefully with hot hands. "I love you," I whispered (and I think that she inclined her head so that it was a little closer to my own); "and this love is not that gritty

sexual instinct common to the herd." I paused for a moment to admire the firm arch of her little ankle that twinkled beneath the lace hem of her dress, and I murmured that if this were a just sample her limbs must be divinely fair. "Yes, though Willy Yeats should stop writing of the Shadowy Waters, I shall still love you." She spoke some long forgotten words, and I thought that it was like Meyerbeer played by the Bayreuth orchestra. "Yes, even should Willy Yeats stop writing of the Shadowy Waters," I continued, "and should the English sun dissolve the Celtic twilight, I shall still love you. I shall still be loving you when I am stretched on my last bed, and old Timmy that knew my Uncle Mike is keening about my head."

I have forgotten the details now, but at this point I believe that she snuggled closer to me, and I realized that English could not be my literary language for the future. "Au revoir, mon amie unique," I whispered, if not in French at least in a language that every schoolboy learns, "au revoir, pas adieu! Je reviendrai encore, mon amie, je reviendrai. Je serai, peut-être, à Coole, à Dublin, ou à la Rue d'Ebury, Londres—ça ne fait rien; je reviendrai."

R. MUSGROVE SCOTT

SECOND PRIZE

How many years have passed, and how much brown water rolled down the Liffey since then! Shadow-like is human life, and shadow-like become the allurements that enflame a man, flicker by, and leave him cold at last.

I remember very clearly the passionate promises, the hot caresses of our leave-taking. It all stands out against a background of vague hills, vague sea, the sweet glow of evening. The loveliness of her face had in it the fresh, vivid colouring of a newly opened rose. It held enticement enough to persuade the coolest lover into exhibition of passion, without the melting curves of her body, curves that flowed with the sweetness of an Irish melody. "Elle faisait l'amour avec des panaches, des drapeaux, en déployant de cérémonie." The longing to strain her in one's arms was part of the impulse which compels our lips to the rose. And though I have never retraced, with that object, the thousand hyperbolic miles we gallantly disregarded in that ecstatic moment of farewell, I recall each episode of our love in wistful, yet minutest detail; the sudden laugh so characteristic of her, her external girlishness, the fragrance of her skin, the soft limbs and breasts; a pot-pourri of rose-leaves passing through sensitive fingers lingeringly.

LESTER RALPH

SHADOW IN THE ROOF

BY EDWARD DAVISON

IN the roof, while the firelight played there,
My shadow was thrown;
Gaunt and aloof it swayed there,
A weary figure it made there,
Glooming alone.

As I in that moment, benighted,
Looked up from the hearth,
Being one no longer excited
By any fire I had lighted
To brighten the earth

O would that the shadow that haunted
Those rafters had shown
Some sign of a heart less daunted
By the making of fires unwanted
Than my own.

REVIEWS

THE UNKNOWN DUMAS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Romances of Alexandre Dumas. In 48 volumes. Vols. 11-22. Dent. 4s. 6d. each.

I HAVE spent a few days of holiday reading in a garden (or now and then in bed) with some of the romances of Dumas that have not hitherto come my way and with the 'Barchester Novels' of Anthony Trollope. It is, I admit, a somewhat odd collocation. I have remarked here before on some occasion that Andrew Lang in a wild flight imagined Dumas and Dickens collaborating together—the adventure ending with the identification of Mr. Pickwick as the mysterious executioner of Charles I. But Dumas and Dickens were at heart very much alike: they had the romancer's sovereign power of making each his own world just as he chose it to be. One could discover hundreds, even thousands, perhaps, of parallel passages to prove their essential sympathy.

With Trollope as the other term, the comparison has features more strongly marked. I cannot forbear from quoting two passages from my recent reading, if only that they may serve as illustrations of, and excuses for, what I cannot help feeling to be rather a holiday frame of mind. Here is Trollope:

"All these things are over now," said Mary. "Mr. Gresham told me yesterday that I should be received as Frank's future wife; and so, you see, I have come." And then she slipped through Lady Arabella's arms and sat down, meekly down, on a chair. In five minutes she had escaped with Beatrice into the schoolroom, and was kissing the children, and turning over the new trousseau. They were, however, soon interrupted, and there was, perhaps, some other kissing besides that of the children.

"You have no business in here at all, Frank," said Beatrice. "Has he, Mary?"

"None in the world, I should think."

"See what he has done to my poplin; I hope you won't have your things treated so cruelly. He'll be careful enough about them."

"Is Oriel a good hand at packing up finery—eh, Beatrice?" asked Frank.

"He is, at any rate, too well behaved to spoil it." Thus Mary was again made at home in the household of Greshamsbury.

This is from that pleasant, wise and equable novel, 'Dr. Thorne.' Now for Dumas:

A terrible shout made the arches ring.

"Thou knowest our mysteries?" said the president. "Thou art, then, one of the illuminated or a traitor!"

"Who art thou?" demanded the three hundred voices; and on the instant twenty swords, in the hands of the nearest phantoms, were pointed, with a motion as precise as if directed by a military signal, at the bosom of the unknown.

He smiled, shook the thick curls of his hair, which, unpowdered, were retained only by the ribbon which had been bound round his head, and said calmly, "*Ego sum qui sum—I am he who is.*"

Then he turned his eyes slowly around the living wall which hemmed him in, and gradually sword after sword sank before him.

"Thou hast spoken rashly," said the president. "Doubtless thou knowest not the import of thy words."

This is from the early pages of 'Memoirs of a Physician,' a work in which I have not yet read far enough to have discovered the relevance of its title. I have in fact, I am happy to say, still more than two of its three volumes before me, and even if three or four more days with it in the garden do not disclose the title's meaning, I shall be happy enough with the book itself. So far it has done nothing to betray the promise of its opening.

Now this is one of those books by Dumas which are not generally read. The usual knowledge of him extends to 'The Three Musketeers,' 'Twenty Years After,' 'The Vicomte de Bragelonne,' 'Monte Cristo,' and, more doubtfully, 'Marguerite de Valois' and 'The Black Tulip.' These are, so to speak, the inner ring of his romances and I am far from saying that popular opinion has been wrong in making this choice.

I will undertake, if I am challenged to do so, to provide well-argued reasons why 'Agénor de Mauléon,' a title which has just caught my eye in the list of his works and of the existence of which I was never before conscious, ought to be considered the superior of any of these. But that is a fool's trick anyone can play. There are few unrecognized masterpieces fifty years old, and the critic who finds one is as lucky as the man who finds a First Folio in a country cottage. He is no more likely to find one among the works of a popular author than he is to find an unnoticed First Folio on the shelves of a public library.

When I write here of 'The Unknown Dumas' and extol, almost at random, 'The Memoirs of a Physician,' I have no ambition to show my critical acuteness by attacking the priority of any of the works I have mentioned. They deserve that priority which they have achieved as the result of the hardest of tests. Mr. Neville Cardus remarked in this paper last week that "there can be no charlatan art in cricket, the fiddler is free to play the wrong notes and the cricketer is not free to play the wrong strokes." Much the same is true of any popular romancer who survives his own generation. I, or someone like me, can, rightly or wrongly, demonstrate the subtlety of Marcel Proust and show that his long-windedness and his horrible style were but the defects of qualities to be valued. Dumas can have no such help from me or my kind. If the public that wants to be entertained considers that his qualities outweigh his defects he will survive: if it does not, he will not. Public appreciation bestows on him a rank that I and my kind have not in our power to bestow: we can but recognize it and do our best to define it. And when we have recognized it we must admit that in its discriminations too it probably has a validity beyond our control.

I do not, let me repeat, put forward 'The Memoirs of a Physician'—which I have chosen as my example—as an unrecognized masterpiece by Dumas. But, as I read it, I cannot help wondering why I have not read it before and remembering dull days which it would have enlivened. At the same time I cannot now regret the omission, since I have almost all of it before me. It is, at any rate, the real Dumas in its movement and colour, in its successful charlatantry, as in the passage I have quoted and in the scene where the Baron Joseph Balsamo predicts her future fate to the young Marie Antoinette, in its warm, almost rank humanity. It is in the essential genius of Dumas that he can combine a flamboyant and highfalutin romanticism with a Flemish or Dickensian realism. Balsamo provides here what our ancestors might have called the "Gothick" element: the realistic element is provided by the Comte Jean du Barry and his engaging sister, Made-moiselle Chon. And it is because Dumas knew how, as here, to keep these two elements in constant and friendly juxtaposition, that we can be sure, anywhere in the whole cycle of his romances, of entering an entertaining world.

CAN WE BELIEVE?

Can We Then Believe? By Charles Gore, D.D. Murray. 6s.

THE various forms of our present discontents all run back, in the end, to one root. Our world is sick for lack of a faith—of some common attitude to life and its ultimate values and significance. None of the problems of human relationship, industrial, political, international, is soluble simply from its own premises. Our professed solutions all deal with abstractions: they envisage "the economic man," the Tory or Socialist, Frenchman or Japanese; and none of these has in fact any real existence. They are merely statistical abstractions. "What is Man?" is the problem that still tortures us. For no schemes of social construction can succeed which are not broad-

based on truth to human fact; and to think in purely politico-economic terms is to ignore those distinctively human aptitudes in virtue of which we call ourselves men. The essential fact about us is plainly this, that we are living at once in two worlds—the immediate world of material environment in which we are mainly concerned with the claims of our instructive life for satisfaction, and another, rarely and dimly envisaged, in which dwell those spiritual values which nevertheless we know to be our home. To ignore the existence of this "overworld" may seem to be scientific and objective, but in fact is unscientific and illusory. For it is to close our eyes to those very facts which, however we may or may not explain them, however much we approve or regret it, have been the determining forces in our history. It is these that have been, as they always will be, the cause both of our grandeur and our unhappiness.

Co-operation involves a common purpose, and no common purpose is conceivable except in the light of a common attitude to the meaning of life and human destiny. That is to say, the most imperative of all practical necessities is a faith in the light of which men may live, some ample and true philosophy of life to make sense of all our tangled human drama and co-ordinate our restless activities. The simplest problems with which we are confronted in our relationship to one another demand some ultimate standard of reference, some agreed position about life's worth and meaning and the place of mankind in the Universe. "God, Freedom, Immortality"—tremendous symbols of unconquerable hopes—remain the prime concern of the art of living. Civilization must have a faith or perish.

Is such faith possible to the modern man? The ages of faith (if ever they existed) seem to us past and anachronistic. We have lost that medieval synthesis which succeeded in unifying man's activities, all the branches of thought and skill and effort, round the central attitudes of religion. Gradually but inevitably the various spheres of our activity have emancipated themselves from religious control, claiming independence in their own right, working along the lines of their own material. Each has its own laws, its own presuppositions; and religion is ceasing to be the inspiration of the modern world's activities, even of those professedly idealistic. Hence we are left without a common standard and our life is losing its unity and its peace. Yet we remain "incurably religious," and beneath the cynicism of our world is a longing for something which we cannot find.

We vaguely believe that somehow modern science has made religious faith impossible. Even if we refuse to succumb to "astronomical intimidation"—"la silence de ces espaces éternels m'effraie"—it seems to us that the scientific Universe cares nothing for our hopes and intentions, and that we ourselves are by-products of evolution washed up on the tidal beaches of history by a Universe that is deaf to our aspirations and to which the God-in-the-heart whom we stubbornly worship stands in no relation of reality. (We do not ask: How, then, is it a Universe?)

Bishop Gore—revered and distinguished among all Anglican teachers of our time—offers his help to our distracted age. Can we, after all, still "believe"? In the last three years he has published a series of books in which the thought and experience of his lifetime are offered to the rising generation.* This book is intended to complete the series. It is, in part, an answer to criticisms, many of which from men less qualified he accepts with a really touching humility and revises his position on various points. In part it is a restatement of the trilogy—a broad and massive summary of the arguments there established in fuller detail. Starting from an appeal to think freely and face squarely all the available evidence, the Bishop sets

* 'Belief in God'; 'Belief in Christ'; 'The Holy Spirit and the Church.'

forth cogently and impressively the weight of argument for the Christian scheme of things. He traces the antecedent probability of some act of divine self-disclosure, the intentions of the Hebrew prophets and their culmination in the life of Jesus, and shows that on the basis of these historic facts we have the postulates of a philosophy which can do justice both to human life and to what we know of the Universe which surrounds it.

It is the best of the whole series and is certain of wide circulation and great usefulness. The author is at his best in the kind of argument he has developed here, with astonishing restraint and controlled power. To praise thus a book of this kind would be fulsome; but not the least of the services rendered by Bishop Gore to Christianity is the rugged sincerity of his thought and writing:

Is not all this worth considering . . . if you want to have a sound judgment about "What is Christianity?" It is a troublesome process; but the school into which we claim to be enlisted—the school of truth—is a troublesome school, in which our prejudices are seldom gratified and we seldom find exactly what we wanted or expected to find.

That is the key both to his mind, and to his unique position and influence as a religious teacher.

THE BOYHOOD OF TROTSKY

Leon Trotsky: the Portrait of a Youth. By Max Eastman. Faber and Gwyer. 6s.

THIS curious and rather repulsive picture of the boyhood of a great revolutionary is written by an author who evidently knows his subject and claims to have been assisted by information supplied by Trotsky himself. Mr. Max Eastman's identity, however, is not easy to get at. He speaks of "us Anglo-Saxons" and "you and I, chilly Anglo-Saxons"—seems, in fact, rather to rub it in. On another page he talks of what "we" do in America. Yet he confesses that he has only just learnt English—"a newly-acquired language"—and that is, indeed, obvious from a casual glance at his prose. Also he takes occasion to disavow the earlier American edition of his book; nothing is authoritative that does not appear in the present English edition. However, he prints a letter from Trotsky, in which the latter undertakes to look over the proofs, and we must therefore assume that the book has at least a semi-official character.

We are introduced to the son of a substantial Jewish landowner, living near Odessa, a man named Bronstein. Young Leon Bronstein (afterwards to change his name to Trotsky) is sent to school in Odessa and is always top of his class. When a stupid boy is given low marks, Leon organizes a protest. He is always one to help the under-dog, and unless this poor boy's marks are "cooked" it appears that he will have to leave. When examination papers are not corrected promptly, Leon engineers another "scene." He is extraordinarily popular—except with the masters.

Leaving school, he attaches himself to a small group of young revolutionaries at Nikolaev, who are in the habit of meeting at the house of one "Franz Svigovsky, a thoughtful gardener." Prominent among them is "Miksha, a political-minded shoemaker." It sounds like a list of characters in a modern Russian play. There is also a girl, Alexandra Lvovna, whom Trotsky afterwards married. She is a Marxist and asserted by Mr. Eastman to be notably "lovely-looking," in fact, "a beautiful young Madonna." Unfortunately her portrait is included among the illustrations in this book. Trotsky's bourgeois family are indignant. His father (who has since accepted the Revolution and seems to have made a fairly good thing out of it), his mother (another "handsome" woman, but again there is a portrait), and his uncle pursue him with protests. Mr. Eastman's description of the uncle is good:

Here was a man who could "sympathize with the aspirations of the working man," but had made his own way in spite of this sympathy to the head of a good-sized boiler factory.

But Trotsky stands firm. He will not desert his "intellectuals." These "intellectuals" read almost nothing, one gathers. Trotsky, attempting to lecture on a more or less literary subject, broke down in confusion. Their only authors were Marx and Mikhaelovsky, and about half of them are now in prison or exile (with Comrade Trotsky's approval) for having failed to distinguish between the two. Those must have been dreary little gatherings at the thoughtful gardener's.

Eventually came the inevitable discovery by the Czar's secret police—who seem to have been about as active and intelligent as an English village constable—and exile to Siberia. Life in Siberia was comfortable enough (all revolutionaries admit that now) and Trotsky used his unlimited leisure to develop his talents as a journalist and pamphleteer. He wrote against religion, he began to read—Mr. Eastman's definition of an intellectual is one who "reads Chernishevsky instead of the Bible"—and he discovered Nietzsche and Darwin, who finally converted him to the theories of Marx. Then, in his own good time, he "escaped"—it was only necessary to walk out—and came to Europe. With his meeting with Lenin in London, and their early disagreements, the book comes to an end.

Humour has never been a strong point with revolutionaries, and that must be Mr. Eastman's excuse. He sometimes needs one badly; for instance, in the offensively blasphemous verse which he prints about the girl, Lvovna, Trotsky's "Madonna." His book is often amusing—though not always in the way it intends—and it certainly gives us a new insight into the twisted, egotistical, powerful character of one of the modern makers of history.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Amid the Forests of Normandy. By Edouard Herriot. Translated by John Heron Lepper. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

WITH the dust of the political arena scarcely shaken from his boots, with the angry cries of the Paris crowds, indignant at the overthrow of Briand, still ringing in his ears, M. Herriot, the ex-Premier, the upsetter of Governments, quietly enters the forests and towns of Normandy—on vacation, as it were. And those, whatever their politics, who take the trouble to follow him will discover very soon that they have found a wise and a charming companion. The book owes little to M. Herriot's name; with English readers, indeed, it will probably succeed in spite of it. It deserves to.

Not all of Normandy interests M. Herriot—not Rouen, for instance, and the crowded eastern end. His concern is with the "more secret Normandy," which stretches westward between the forests of Andaine and Ecouvres and the sea, and includes, indeed, some places in Brittany, one of which appears on the paper cover of his book. He enters the forest first. The forest, says M. Herriot, is always striving upwards. Its existence is "a struggle, above all, for light":

The thrilling beauty of the forest lies in the upward striving visible in all its parts, an effort on the part of each individual to be free from the deadly shadow of the covert, an impulse, more ardent in the tree's youth but as prolonged as its life, to breathe freely under the wide azure; so that this apparently immovable mass is continually thrilling with an effort that tends towards increasing its distance from the earth . . .

Would that politics were like that!

So we leave behind us the wild beauties of the forest, where man cannot interfere without upsetting an "equilibrium which is assured by a thousand precautions of Nature," where the owl has "constituted

himself night watchman," where the kite and the fox are salaried scavengers, and even the toadstools who sit distilling their venom, "hat on head, as Jews in the synagogue," have their uses too—we leave all this and enter the towns. M. Herriot writes of architecture like a scholar, but even more like an artist. We are to admire the "splendid nudity" of the cathedral of Coutances, which invites us "to fall in love, as it were, with a human being." Another medieval building is "a poem by Ronsard." This part of the book must have been difficult to translate, and much credit belongs to Mr. Lepper; yet he could not have made such a silken purse from a sow's ear. The quick intelligence, the sensitive feeling, are M. Herriot's. We have to thank his translator for preserving so much of his grace of expression too.

And after the forests and the towns—the people. There are some keen little character sketches of these hard-headed Normans; and there are two long essays at the end dealing with the famous Abbot of La Trappe—who introduced the Trappist "rules"—and the murder of Marat by Charlotte Corday. These are not as good as the rest of the book, though written with scholarship and a strong sense of the dramatic. But those earlier chapters set a very high standard. And so back to Paris, and the Chamber Deputies, we suppose. It seems a pity!

POEMS OF YOUTH

The Laburnum Branch. By Naomi Mitchison. Cape. 5s.

EVERYONE young will welcome Mrs. Mitchison's poems. There is a sense of youth and life beating through them, and even the sad ones are sad only as the young are sad, and are mixed with anger and defiance. But there is life everywhere, leaping and running abundantly, and nowhere even an echo of the flat wailing and resignation of spiritual middle-age. She is the poet of the generation which grew up during the war, and her spirit is sometimes reminiscent of Siegfried Sassoon and Robert Nichols. Her grief is strong and angry:

My young, dear friends are dead,
All my own generation.
Pity a youthless nation,
Pity the girls unwed . .

But the old, the stupid had reign
Over that eager nation
And all my own generation
They have cast into the fire.

But she is also the poet of that generation which appeared after the war's disastrous close, as green ferns spring up amid the blackness after a forest fire. In her poems on people and places she is splendidly affirmative—aware of so much, interested in so much, loving so much. The whole book is a shining escape from the platitudinous and the dull. Among the scattered lyrics and longer poems there is never a sense of repetition or insincerity. Everything which she sees she finds new and significant and exciting, and transmits this emotion by means of odd courageous rhymes and the dexterous management of difficult metres:

. . . If this cruel age-long tangle,
All this dark and sweating jangle,
Of the warring he and she-ways
Were untwisted,
Aphrodite might stay smiling in her sea ways
Only marking
How her wave-crests swung unmisted
In the morning,
In the clear Hellenic morning . . .

She has an exquisite sense of things Greek—an imaginative grasp of their vision and of their very landscape which recalls her prose, and makes the reader feel that she must have been there in the flesh, aeons ago, and seen it with her eyes. She herself disproves her phrase:

Hellas is dead now
And those Athenian boys
Who talked with Sokrates
Grew up, grew old, and died
And all the colour and noise
Of those great feasts of theirs
When the Goddess was maid and bride,
Vanished. But no-one cares.
No-one will breathe the word
That calls over space and time
And brings it back to us.

Some of the unrhyming free verses are too jerky and colloquial, giving the impression that the writer, in giving free rein to spontaneity, has simply not taken enough trouble—perhaps a false impression because *vers libre* is a very difficult form to deal with. The descriptive unrhyming verses on European and African landscapes are good, the subject lending itself well to that particular medium.

What this enthusiastic sympathetic verse may lack in dignity or the remoteness of traditional poetry it more than makes up in life and the sense of reality. She makes articulate for us the headlong poetry of being young.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND

The Strength of England. By George F. S. Bowles. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

THE argument of this book is very simple and very sound. But for our national character it would undoubtedly be platitudinous, and we hope Mr. Bowles will make it so, for he does not exaggerate when he insists that the future not only of England but of civilization may depend on these truths being taken to heart by Englishmen of the present generation. It will be culpable negligence for any public library in the country to be without his book.

Only in four spots on the surface of the globe, he points out first of all, have a teeming population, an immense foreign trade, great riches and widespread political dominion existed side by side within historic times. Those four spots are Babylon, Egypt, Rome and the island of England. He traces their eminence to the fact that each in the time of its greatness was the central point of the contemporary world of sea-borne trade. Divide the globe into two hemispheres so that one contains the maximum of land and the other of water, and in the very centre of the land hemisphere lies England. The other, except for Australasia and part of South America, is entirely ocean. It is to this unalterable fact of sea-centrality that he traces the sudden rise of Britain immediately the world of trade widened to include the whole earth. Sea-carriage is for obvious reasons cheaper than carriage by land, and commerce, unless speed is vital, chooses the cheapest route. The main shipping organization, and consequently banks, marine insurance and the wholesale trades, gravitates naturally to the centre, and concentrate there a power which is enormous and unique, contrasting with all other powers from its foundations up.

The main facts are obvious, but there are several criticisms to make. Mr. Bowles undoubtedly lays too much stress on the magic attraction of sea-centrality, and underrates the part played by the English temperament, the trustworthiness of which is certainly a prime factor. Southern Ireland shares the sea-centrality with England, but not those attributes which Mr. Bowles makes inseparable from sea-centrality. Ulster shares both—the key is to that extent in the people, not in the geography. If England had been inhabited by Irishmen it might have been a much more romantic country, but it would never, in spite of sea-centrality, have become the financial capital of the world while there were Dutchmen over the North Sea. The contrast of our immediate rise after the discovery of America with our previous insignificance is overdone, and to write "Trade, which alone makes wealth, consists wholly in interchange" is to invite con-

trovery. These first six chapters would lose nothing by being compressed to half their present length.

The author goes on to describe how sea-war differs fundamentally from land warfare in being, not only in theory but in practice, conducted with the least possible destruction and a strict regard for the settled law of nations, his explanation of which is excellently clear:

That it should be possible to wage war of the most effective sort, while carefully safeguarding and preserving all life and property whatever, must ever seem to those accustomed to the violent disorders of land-war a perfectly idle and visionary fancy. Yet, as all the greater leaders of armies have known, that possibility is no fancy but a hard and an unanswerable fact. To the utmost limit of its strength, and upon two separate occasions divided by more than a hundred years of time, the full warlike power of the land, which is destruction, has been arrayed against the warlike powers of the sea, which are order and preservation. Upon the one element, in each case, arose a vast fabric of illegality, destruction, violence, bloodshed and a progressive dissipation of wealth; upon the other reigned throughout, so far as the stronger force could secure them, and in a degree to which no kind of parallel either was or could be, attempted ashore, order, conservation, regularity and law.

By tracing in detail the part of sea-power in the struggle against Napoleon and in the Great War he brings out clearly its function of limiting both the spread of violence on land and its duration in time, simply by a steady pressure on the enemy's supplies exercised according to the law of nations. He shows, in a way that will be most difficult to dispute, how the interference with that law of our Foreign Office protracted the Great War and magnified its evil effects upon England and the whole world. He shows that we maintained at that time both a navy on the English scale and an army on the Continental scale and bore the chief burden of feeding and keeping supplied with all they needed from overseas not only ourselves and our allies but also (through a thin mask of neutral States) the very nations we were fighting for our lives. That this terrible chapter is true no one acquainted with the relevant import statistics of Holland and Scandinavia, and with the Foreign Office policy over the Declarations of Paris and of London, can very well doubt, however much he would like to. The conclusion as to the true policy of England is so calmly, persuasively, and convincingly reasoned out, and so well supported by the facts that it ought to, and probably will, produce a lasting impression.

THOSE SAILING SHIPS

Tales of the Clipper Ships. By C. Fox Smith. Methuen. 5s.

IT is impossible, of course, to agree with the brutal Scots engineer, in one of these stories, who said frankly that he had no use for sailing ships. He could "see nae beauty in thae bluidy windbags, nae mair than in ma wife's cla'es hingin' oot on the cla'es line o' a Monday morning." After all, if there had been more of the poet and the lover in this Mr. Ferguson, he might have seen beauty in his wife's clothes. And sailing ships are just like women: everyone is agreed about that. There is a special thrill, Miss Fox Smith tells us, "which runs through a man's whole being when first his eyes fall upon the one ship which, out of all the thousands which sail the seas, seems especially made to be the complement of his own being, as surely as a woman is made for her mate; it is a feeling to which first love is perhaps the thing most nearly comparable. . . . A man can no more leave a sailing ship derelict than "ride away and leave a distressed damsel making signals from a turret top." Another character, who sees a sailing ship sink, exclaims, "She looked—oh, frightfully like a drowning woman."

Yet it is impossible to repress a certain sneaking sympathy with the fellow Ferguson. He had as first mate a sentimental lad, named Kavanagh, who had been brought up in sail and praised it "without ceasing." "There's a ship for you!" he would exclaim

ecstatically, as a four-masted barque slid quietly past their vulgar tramp steamer, and Ferguson would argue the point:

"I dare say this floating abomination is more to your task," he (Kavanagh) snapped.

"She's guid guts in her," said Ferguson.

It must be difficult to get on with the kind of sailor-man who talks about "floating abominations." And that is the real trouble about modern sailing-ship literature: it relapses too often into the manner of the sentimental aunt. Even Miss Fox Smith, who—her publishers tell us—"has achieved almost the position of Poet Laureate and historian of the Merchant Service," does it sometimes. For instance, to praise sailing ships by comparing them advantageously with steamers, is like attacking motor-cars because they are so different in appearance from the horse-drawn dog-cart or carriage and pair. It gets us nowhere. What we want is not idle regrets, but as full and complete a picture as possible of the clipper ships as they were in the days of their pride. Miss Fox Smith is well-equipped to do this for us. Perhaps her best passage in the present book is the description of a calm:

She lay there as still as if she were at anchor. Her sails drooped against the mast with no more movement than banners dropping to silent dust in the nave of some great cathedral. . . . A light haze hung over the outlines of the islands and over the horizon beyond, so that it was impossible to define where the sea ended and the sky began. A couple of fruit schooners about half a mile distant hovered above their own motionless reflections, like butterflies poised above flowers.

But that same chapter, so well begun, ends dreadfully tamely with the familiar old yarn of the sailor man who went ashore and fell madly in love with a dark-eyed señorita of tender years, only to have her stabbed in the back by a jealous lover as she lay in his very arms beside the orange trees. He's a captain now, is Jim, a rough, hard, silent man; but he never forgets Conchita. And every time he sees an orange Heigh-ho!



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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

The Silver Spoon. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The Emerald. By Hilaire Belloc, with twenty-one drawings by G. K. Chesterton. Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.

Heat. By Isa Glenn. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S position among contemporary novelists is peculiar and difficult to define. When we speak of H. G. Wells or Arnold Bennett or E. M. Forster or D. H. Lawrence, their names arouse a host of definite recognizable associations: Utopianism, the Five Towns, charm, the Unconscious. These novelists, besides a large general following, have a smaller body-guard of passionate partisans; thousands would be prepared to affirm that each of the four is the greatest English novelist of his time. It is much less easy to affix an abstract label to Mr. Galsworthy; and we doubt whether his work, though not less widely read, fires its readers with the same enthusiasm or leaves them with an equally clear impression. But on the other hand many who, for reasons of their own, find his distinguished contemporaries unsympathetic can read Galsworthy with pleasure. As a novelist, he makes the family his unit; and though a family can be boring it cannot kindle the direct antagonism that is engendered by a hostile point of view. Wells and Lawrence, and in some degree Bennett and Forster, have in the realm of the abstract, axes to grind: to accept their novels wholeheartedly means taking sides, amounts in fact to a conversion. Galsworthy is perhaps more directly propagandist than they; but his propaganda is essentially defeatist, a forlorn battle fought on behalf of the weak that expects no victory. It is really an admission of human imperfection, however aggressively stated and however much it may seem to align itself with specific objects of humanitarian reform. The conquering cause pleases the gods, but the conquered attracts Mr. Galsworthy. And so, though the public does not rush to enlist under his banner, they at least watch him haul down his flag without irritation. If he does not prove them right, neither does he prove them wrong; he cannot be used to score off them in argument, as Mr. Wells might be called into to confound an individualist or Mr. Lawrence to bewilder the supporter of almost any kind of orthodoxy. Only a thorough-going optimist could feel personally outraged by Mr. Galsworthy's attitude to life, and such persons, if found at all, are rarely found in groups.

There is another respect in which Mr. Galsworthy differs from his distinguished contemporaries. If, as a writer, his character is less marked than theirs, his range as a novelist is wider. All sorts and conditions of men have the freedom of his pages, and most animals, especially if they are ailing or unkindly treated. One could not indicate a member of one's acquaintance and say, "Here is a character out of a Galsworthy novel," or, "Here is a man who could never possibly have found his way into a Galsworthy novel." You might say, "If this sickly chaffinch found its way into Galsworthy's pages it would receive a warm welcome," but you could not count on finding it there, as you could count on finding a faun in the work of Mr. Forster, or a Cave-man *manqué* in

the work of Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Galsworthy draws many diverse characters and draws them in the round. And yet taken together they make a world, the world of the Forsytes; a little unimaginative, a little inelastic, a little lacking in humour, a little too dynastic; but still a world that touches the real world at a great number of points, which has the same capacity for growth and survival, and which, for all the genuine diversity of its inhabitants, does ultimately present a recognizable and coherent whole.

'The Silver Spoon' shows Mr. Galsworthy as admonitory as ever. The story centres round a suit for libel, a tea-cup storm, in which, as so often happens, a great deal of happiness founders. Miss Marjorie Ferrar calls Fleur Mont, Soame's Forsyte's daughter, a snob. The comment was made by way of conversation, but unfortunately it was made in Mrs. Mont's own house, in the salon she was trying to build herself, and within the hearing of Soames himself. In an access of righteous and paternal wrath he drives from the house the slanderer of his daughter's reputation, hurling after her the expression "traitress." It is much ado about nothing; both parties behave with incredible folly. But Mr. Galsworthy, who is at pains throughout the book to emphasize the cleavage between the modern and the Victorian world, makes it plain that the parties are actuated by different motives. Soames, the heavy father, feels that his daughter has been insulted and that her character must be vindicated. Miss Ferrar, who is hard up, hopes for damages. The verdict of the court goes against Miss Ferrar; the verdict of society goes for her. But she loses her fiancé through the mud thrown up in the course of the trial; Fleur finds herself a laughing-stock and her occupation of lion-hunting gone. Everyone suffers, particularly Michael, Fleur's husband, a young and very serious politician who was just launching the gospel of "Foggartism" on a weary and derisive House of Commons. He cared, Soames cared, Miss Ferrar's fiancé cared; Fleur was wounded in her vanity. The rest, the people for the sake of whose good opinion all this sacrifice was made, merely enjoyed seeing dirty linen washed in public. There is a great deal about morality; counsel's investigation of Miss Ferrar's character (she had complained of the imputation of not having "a moral to her name") proved that neither she nor the set to which she belonged could logically resent the imputation: modern morality, says one of the characters, is summed up in the admonition "Don't be dull, don't be stupid." To be earnest about anything offends both precepts, as Michael Mont discovered when his championship of Foggartism evoked only one response, something between a yawn and a laugh. There exists no instructed public opinion to which those who have their country's good at heart can appeal; England still plays with her silver spoon, but she has forgotten the use of it.

This appears to be Mr. Galsworthy's conclusion; and if we say, in criticism, that he sees life whole but unsteadily, we rank ourselves with the incorrigible optimists or the irresponsible sceptics. The story, if not one of Mr. Galsworthy's best, maintains a high level. To call it lacking in distinction would be unfair. Quality is a vague term. Mr. Galsworthy's work has admirable qualities, but it misses that power to rise above itself the possession of which transforms a first-class writer into a great one.

Mr. Belloc has never quite ceased to be an undergraduate—the super-undergraduate who wrote, we

11 and
13 H.P.

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were once told, the 'Cautionary Tales.' 'The Emerald' has not a little of this irony, their humour and their fun, together with much burlesque, some of it so broad that the most ponderous victim slips through its meshes. The detective, for instance, who comes down to the de Bohun country-house disguised as a diplomat is such a figure of fun that he ceases to be funny. The book topples from burlesque into farce and from farce, occasionally, into absurdity. Mr. Belloc does not confine himself to satirizing the detective-story; he has a fling at everything, so that the peculiar pleasure of satire, which consists in being so near its model in execution and yet so far from it in intention, is missing. What remains and delights us throughout the book is the charm of Mr. Belloc's manner and the never-failing grace of his style. Where else do we find the business of literary composition undertaken with so much energy, so much freedom, so much felicity? The pace and sweep of Belloc's prose makes much careful, if excellent, writing seem ungainly and pedestrian.

'Heat' is a story of the South Seas; its hero, American White Cargo. It is a bitter, complicated, painful story, hard to read but well worth reading. It gives so vivid an impression of heat that a chapter or two induces perspiration; and for the remainder of the book one has the sensation of living in a Turkish bath. The moral and emotional temperature is equally high, and the whole book moves like a machine which, through lack of oil, is on the point of "seizing." It creaks; but the friction is due to the collision of numberless small issues, each of which has its separate entity; and what may appear at a casual reading to be congestion is really legitimate complication.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Rise of South Africa. By Sir Geo. E. Cory. Vol. 4. Longmans. 26s.

IT is fifteen years since Professor Cory published the first volume of his large-scale "history of the origin of South African colonization and of its development towards the East from the earliest times to 1857." It was originally meant to be completed in four volumes, but the author's work has grown under his hands, and the present volume only brings the story down to the Kaffir War of 1846. Two more volumes are expected to complete the work, which has already taken its place in our libraries as a monumental and authoritative contribution to the history of our Empire. For the general reader it should supersede the somewhat amorphous though always fascinating work of Theal, to whom the author acknowledges his debt in a touching paragraph. The history of the numerous Boer treks which led to the foundation of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is elaborately told in the first half of this volume. It is a most interesting story, which deserves a less pedestrian treatment than is here awarded to "the dusty voorloopers" who have left their names indelibly inscribed on the map of South Africa. But we cannot have everything, and the modern theory of historical work holds that it is better to be good than pretty.

Cruises in Small Yachts. By H. Fiennes Speed. Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson. 12s. 6d.

TO most yachtsmen this book is an old friend. There have been amateur skippers who have had a greater mastery of seamanship and of the resources of the English language than the late Mr. H. Fiennes Speed, but few who have combined so pure a love of sailing, and of the sea and seamanship, with the power to convey to others his own disinterested enthusiasm. To the beginner who wants guidance and practical wisdom salted with the true joys of sailing, and to the old hand whose most adventurous voyages have all been made, the book will afford equal pleasure and satisfaction. It is an axiom among sailing men that if British amateur seamanship is to continue to flourish—and there is no finer in the world—the sport of small yacht sailing must at all costs be encouraged. The late Mr. Fiennes Speed did more than his share to keep alive during the dark days a noble pastime, and this book will long flourish as a memorial such as he would have loved. It owes not a little to Mr. Harold Speed's vivid sketches and, in Mrs. Speed's touching references to her late husband. One is glad to have a word direct from the third member of that gallant crew.

The London Year. By H. V. Morton. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

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stale its infinite variety. Mr. H. V. Morton has hardly added to our knowledge of this inexhaustible subject, but he has recalled to us many aspects of it which else we might perchance have been in danger of forgetting. He is apt at times to sentimentalize, as when he describes the mounting of the guard at St. James's Palace: "They are playing a waltz! Such a waltz! Such a dreamy, sloppy, sentimental waltz! And I feel obscurely touched by the contrast of this waltz and two guards standing in full war-paint. I would much rather go over the top to a waltz tune than to the best song ever written. I don't know why. . . ." Here one cannot but feel that Mr. Morton is not writing with his eye on the object (in Matthew Arnold's memorable phrase), but as he thinks his readers would expect him to write, and hope that he has failed correctly to estimate the psychology of his readers. Still, there is much in the book for which every London lover will be grateful, and it is to Mr. Morton's credit that he is a genuine enthusiast.

Piano and Gown. By Fred. E. Weatherly. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

IF poetical eminence were measured by popularity, we do not know who would have a better claim to the laurel than Mr. Weatherly. He began to write songs in 1868, and has published at least fifteen hundred, besides translating the librettos of 'Pagliacci' and other famous operas. He scored a great success with 'The Midshipmite' when the Crimea was still a recent memory, and his 'Roses of Picardy' was one of the most popular songs dealing with the last great war. He is so universally known in places where they sing, or play gramophones, that we need only say that his book of reminiscences is written with the same fresh and innocent humour as is conspicuous in his verse. Many of his best stories relate to his legal career, and all readers will agree with Mr. Justice McCordie in giving a hearty welcome to this "happy and charming book."

Quaint Signs of Old Inns. By G. J. Morison-Fitzjohn, B.Sc. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

ENGLAND abounds in quaint tavern signs, and the aim of the author of this book is to provide an explanation of some of these. The magnitude of the subject has necessarily precluded any fullness of treatment, and the book in consequence resembles a dictionary rather than a treatise. At the same time, Mr. Morison-Fitzjohn has been able to throw a flood of light upon the origins of a number of otherwise obscure signs. It is interesting, for instance, to learn that the famous 'Spaniards' at Hampstead was, "before becoming a house of refreshment, . . . for many years used as the Spanish Embassy," and that the sign of the 'Salutation,' which, apparently, is still to be seen in Newgate Street, is "the abbreviation of 'The Salutation of the Angel and Our Lady of the Grey Friars,' the sign depicting the Angel Gabriel saluting the Virgin Mary." On page 155 the author refers to 'The World Upside Town'—a tavern in the Old Kent Road. This should be 'The World Turned Upside Down.' The book is embellished with some excellent drawings by Mr. C. M. Rounding.

MOTORING

SMALL CAR TESTS

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE mere mention of the possibility of the Government reverting to a tax on petrol in place of the present system of a tax on horse power has for obvious reasons created great interest among small car owners. The consequence is that makers of small cars are trying to catch the eye of the public. On Thursday the Willys Overland Crossley organization launched the Overland Whippet car on the motor market as America's "best bet" for the light car business. This new car is credited with carrying its passengers thirty miles for one gallon of petrol. Recently the nine horse-power Rover car was driven under the observation of the officials of the Royal Automobile Club for two thousand and seven miles, at the total cost of five pounds for all running expenses, the petrol bill working out at nearly forty-one miles travelled per gallon of spirit. This was a practical demonstration of the low cost of travel in light cars. Some critics, however, expressed doubt as to this trial being of any use, as the average speed of all R.A.C. trials must not exceed the legal limit of twenty miles an hour, while in actual practice this average pace is largely exceeded by the general bulk of the motoring community.

The Rover Company accepted this view in part, and

in order to demonstrate further the small cost of motoring in their four-seater vehicle, they planned a further R.A.C. trial to extend from Coventry to Edinburgh and thence through Scotland and England to Dover, ship the car and its official passengers to Calais and continue the run to Monte Carlo. On the Continent the Royal Automobile Club officials will allow the driver to proceed at any speed he chooses so that a higher average rate of progression can be achieved than in the first test. This trial started about a fortnight ago and has now concluded, so that a further record of this car's consumption of fuel and oil will be issued by the R.A.C. It will thus be seen how the consumption may vary and how pace affects economy of running. Each day's run was between one hundred and eighty and two hundred miles, and about eight hundred miles was covered in England and an equal distance in France, or sixteen hundred miles in the twelve days of the trial. Although the official figures are not yet available, it is expected that the variation will be small, as the nine horse-power Rover four-seater car with its four cylinder overhead valve engine is well known by owners of this make to combine great economy with high speed if required.

There are several new small cars about to be introduced to the public at the exhibition at Olympia, which will open in the middle of October. Quite a number of British-made six-cylinder vehicles of low rating will then make their first appearance. In the meanwhile the motoring public are asked to keep a careful record of their annual mileage and petrol consumption and send a note of these amounts to the R.A.C., in order that some reliable data may be available to learn whether a petrol tax is a better method of imposing a road rate on motors than the present horse-power tax in regard to total annual payments, and whether it will cost individual motorists a greater or lesser sum per annum.



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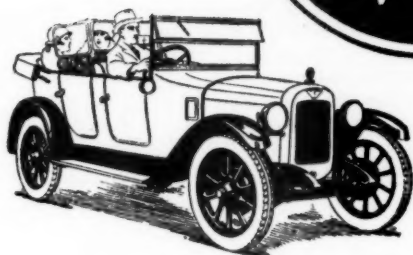
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH on the fresh breaking off of negotiations between the representatives of the miners and owners last week markets were inclined to be dull they quickly recovered on the news that large numbers of miners would return to the pits this week. One shudders to think what the next Budget will contain if a trade revival does not start pretty soon. Even in the most favourable circumstances no reduction in taxation can be looked for, and that relief which industry so badly requires must be postponed for at least a further twelve months. The immediate outlook for the stock markets is difficult to foresee.

* *

A TEMPORARY RISE

It is probable that the termination of the coal struggle will lead to buoyant markets. So generally is this anticipated that this buoyancy is bound to be greeted by considerable profit-taking by those who have bought stocks and shares in anticipation of its arrival. In addition, a considerable amount of money that should normally be employed in the trade of the country and has during the last three months been employed on the Stock Exchange, will probably revert to its normal channel. It is, therefore, quite possible that the rise in prices when it arrives will be short-lived and stock markets may have to face a few months of neglect. However, no matter how idle markets may be, there are always some features of interest, and although general business may not reach that volume we desire, there is no reason why we should not see activity in certain special directions.

* *

RUSSIA

Spasmodic attempts have been made during the last year or two to create speculative interest in Russian bonds and shares in Russian companies. At the moment a considerable amount of interest is being shown in the shares of that well-known Russian mining concern, the Lena Goldfields, Ltd. The rise in the price of these shares is based on the large output of gold obtained from the Company's mines. Personally, I can see no attractions for people in this country to purchase shares in Russian concerns. First, there is the element of risk which cannot be ignored, of the Soviet Government reverting to its former habit of sequestrating other people's property. Secondly, there is the fact that the Soviet Government is receiving a large percentage of the gold recovered by the Lena Company in the form of royalties, which gold is quite possibly being employed in fermenting labour troubles in this country. In these circumstances, although the price of Lena shares may rise, I feel justified in advising investors and speculators in this country to leave them severely alone.

* *

LOBITOS

The oil share market, after having suffered from considerable neglect for a long period, has shown signs

of fresh life with a rally in prices under the lead of Lobitos Oilfields. I dealt with this Company in detail in these notes five weeks ago, when the shares stood at about £6 10s. This week they have touched £7 5s. The rise has been caused by large buying orders from those conversant with the present position of the Company and is said to be based on good developments. I have always felt very hopeful of the prospects of this Company and in view of the nature of the recent buying I strongly recommend shareholders to retain their shares, as in the course of the next few months they should reach a substantially higher price.

* *

MANBRÉ SUGAR

I have in the past referred to Manbré Sugar deferred shares on several occasions, the last being the first week in July, when the price was just over £10. In writing then I said that, although these shares have been neglected of late, I looked for a revival of interest during the next three months when the date for the dividend declaration approached. This week the shares have risen to nearly £13, and, as I am informed the buying has not come from the general public, I cannot help thinking that when the figures for the year are published the shares will not look over-valued at the present level.

* *

JOHNSON AND PHILLIPS

Early in the year considerable interest was focussed on cable makers, and manufacturers of electrical appliances. The Coal Strike caused a temporary halt, but there are signs of renewed interest in this direction. I hear favourable reports of Johnson and Phillips, the ordinary shares of which have recently risen to 66s. 6d. In view of the great progress which I understand the Company is making, I feel these shares at the present price should prove a remunerative lock-up for twelve months, both as regards dividends and capital appreciation.

* *

A GAMBLE

The recent activity in Sub-Nigel shares has drawn attention to companies owning neighbouring claims, and a certain amount of interest has been shown in the shares of one of these, the East Rand Consolidated, Ltd. The capital of this Company is £120,000 in 1s. shares. Arrangements have recently been made for the Company's claims to be prospected by a former manager of the new Modderfontein Gold-mining Company, and a mining group this side have stated their willingness to supply the necessary funds for development if prospecting proves this to be justified. These East Rand Consolidated shares are obviously a gamble. Their present price is 1s. Should the high values found on the Sub-Nigel Mine be also on East Rand Consols the shares would have a substantial rise. If, on the other hand, prospecting proves disappointing, speculative interest in the shares will evaporate. Those who favour a gamble where the extent of their loss is limited to a 1s. share may find this information of interest.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 232

(First of the 17th Quarter)

IN SHERWOOD'S GLADES WE ROAMED WITH LITTLE JOHN.

1. When spring returns my bridal dress I don.
2. Too large this ring? A piece away then clip!
3. The meat Gauls masticate, the broth they sip.
4. In water thrive these organisms lowly.
5. At Antioch dwelt this River-Prophet holy.
6. From France I fled: her loss was Britain's gain.
7. One-third of either pillar does, 'tis plain.
8. Transpose a mighty stream explored by Stanley.
9. To yield to me few people now think manly.

Solution of Acrostic No. 230

S	nuf	F ¹	"Up to snuff," a slang phrase meaning
C	rickete	R	'knowing, sharp, not likely to be im-
O	raci	E ²	posed upon."
T	hor	N	2 Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Sc. 1:
C	ogna	C	I am Sir Oracle,
H	ashees	H ³	And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
W	om	Bat	3 Hasheesh, or bang, is a narcotic prepared
H	orro	R	from hemp.
I	nerti	A	4 See Swedenborg's 'Heaven and Hell,'
S	wedenborgia	N ⁴	and other writings.
K	iln-drie	D	5 White and Black Bryony are both grace-
brY	on	Y ⁵	ful climbers common in our hedges.

N.B.—'Whisky' is a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge-beatha*, 'water of life,' and 'eau-de-vie,' of course, has the same meaning.

ACROSTIC No. 230.—The winner is Mr. J. Byers, 11 Humbleton View, Sunderland, who has selected as his prize 'The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré,' published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on August 14, under the title '1912.' Twenty-eight other competitors sent this book, twelve chose 'Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa,' nine 'The Naiad and the Faun,' etc.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Beechworth, Carlton, Dhualt, Doric, East Sheen, E. E. P., Sir Reginald Egerton, Gay, Jeff, Jop, Lilian, Madge, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Peter, F. M. Petty, Twyford, 3. V., Mrs. Walker, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ruth Mary Allsebrook, Baldersby, Barberry, E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Chip, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Dinkie, D. L., M. East, Estela, G. M. Fowler, Lt.-Col. Sir Wolseley-Haig, K. Haydon, Miss Kelly, Martha, M. I. R., H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Stanfield, St. Ives, J. Sutton, Trike, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 229.—One Light Wrong: Boskerris.

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